

**FILM  
THREAT™**

**SHUT UP & MAKE MOVIES!**

# **VIDE** **GUIDE**

ISSUE 4

\$3.95 U.S.

\$4.95 CAN

£3.00 U.K.

**LAWRENCE TIERNEY  
GOES UNDERGROUND  
IN RED**

**UFO  
JFK  
CIA**

**CONSPIRACIES  
SOLVED!**



**TONS O'  
VIDEO  
REVIEWS  
PG. 13**



# THE PRO STUDIO



**Why work for a film studio...when you can own one?**

- Comparable to 16mm and 35mm when transferred to video.
- MTV, America's Most Wanted, Flatliners, Black Rain, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles-have all used Super 8 in their productions.
- The best return on your investment.
- The low cost makes raising money for projects easy.

**NOW AVAILABLE  
AT A PRICE  
THAT WILL  
NEVER BE THIS  
LOW AGAIN.**

**\$15,995**  
COMPLETE

**Super 8  
SYNCSOUND  
SYSTEM**

East Coast - 95 Harvey St., Cambridge, MA 02140 (617) 876-5876 FAX (617) 497-0151  
West Coast - 2805 W. Magnolia Blvd., Burbank, CA 91505 (818) 848-5522 FAX (818) 848-5956

*The  
Filmmaking  
Store*



# WE GO BOTH WAYS!

**2** *magazines to satisfy  
both your needs*

## **FILM THREAT™**

**Sex n' Drugs n' Celluloid**

FT covers feature-length or theatrically released films

9171 Wilshire Blvd. Suite 300

Beverly Hills, CA 90210

(310) 858-7155

Christian Gore/Editor-in-Chief

**F  
I  
L  
M**

**V  
I  
D  
E  
O**

**FILM  
THREAT™**

**VIDEO GUIDE**

**Shut Up and Make Movies!**

FTVG covers direct to video and underground films

PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170

(818) 848-8971

David E. Williams/Editor-in-Chief

(On newsstands everywhere or see subscription information on pages 23 and 71)





# THE BEST IN CULT AND B-MOVIES

ALL VIDEOS

\$24.95

ADMIT ONE VIDEO PRESENTATIONS  
OFFER THE FINEST PRINTS AND DUPLICATION AVAILABLE. OUR PACKAGING IS  
SECOND TO NONE... WE ADMIT IT!



OR SEND \$1.00 FOR A CATALOGUE OF OTHER TITLES

(416) 463-5714

PLEASE ADD \$3.00 PER VIDEO

P.O. BOX 66, STATION O  
TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA  
M4A 2M8

SHIPPING & HANDLING



# The Nose magazine is watching YOU!!

The only investigative humor magazine brave enough to bring you scandal, gossip, mayhem, smutty comics, drugs, death, fraud, violence, psycho cults, civic sleaze, and bad personal hygiene...

**EVERY TWO MONTHS!**

**SUBSCRIBE NOW — 6 issues / 15 bucks**

Available at bookstores and newsstands nationwide. For sample copy send \$3 to:  
THE NOSE, 1095 Market Suite 812, San Francisco, CA 94103 (415) 621-7028.



For a good time call Daryl "Crusher" Gates (213) 485-3586

## YOU'VE MADE YOUR BED ... NOW DIE IN IT!

3 SHORT FILMS BY RICHARD BAYLOR



© 1991 Eyefuck Films Inter

**AVAILABLE NOW**  
£7 PAL (EUROPE)/\$14 NTSC (US)  
Price includes postage

4th Dimension  
P.O. Box 63  
Herne Bay, Kent  
CT6 6YU, U.K.

R. Baylor  
PSC 41, Box 2235  
APO AE 09464  
U.S.A.



**VHS MAIL ORDER SPECIAL OFFER**  
\$25 each or 3 for \$50  
Postage Paid

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. PTV Interviews - 4-11-88 and 6-11-90                            | pre-fame Vanilla Ice*                         |
| 2. LAIBACH - 2-16-89*  | 14. DHARMA BUMS - 7-1-89*                     |
| 3. VIDEOPHILE - The First Five Files                               | 15. SWEET BABY - 4-29-89*                     |
| 4. THE LEGENDARY PINK DOTS - 4-20-89*                              | 16. PAIN TEENS - 9-2-89*                      |
| 5. FUGAZI - 5-11-89*   | 17. UNIVERSAL CONGRESS OF - 5-26-89*          |
| 6. LIVE SKULL - 4-22-89*   | 18. MC 900 FOOT JESUS with DJ ZERO - 5-26-90* |
| 7. SLEEP CHAMBER - 9-2-89*   | 19. HAFLER TRIO - 12-6-90*                    |
| 8. VIDEOPHILE - Death Infinity Issue                               | 20. SLEEP CHAMBER - 2-1-90                    |
| 9. KMFDM - 1-28-90*  | 21. JETHRO TILTON and G.D.X - 2-1-91          |
| 10. MINISTRY - 1-28-90   | 22. HERSHEY SQUIRTS and NIMBUS - 7-6-90       |
| 11. VIDEOHAUS - Compilation tape of Fort Worth bands.              | 23. BEST OF VIDEOPHILE - 1988-1991.           |
| 12. PUSSY GALORE - 7-9-89  |   |
| 13. CHEMICAL PEOPLE - 5-19-89 - Includes spontaneous street rap by |   |

\*Includes Interview / All Tapes 1-2 hours

Send Check or Money Order to:  
**Videophile**  
P.O. Box 101027 Fort Worth, Texas 76185



# CHEAP TAPES!

**DISGUSTING SPACEWORMS EAT EVERYONE!**  
Campy combo of sci-fi and detective film  
"A matter of emphasis and style"  
"The special effects are a howl!"

\$29.95



"Undergroundly witty and anarchic"  
"Lisa Everett is a real screen discovery"

"Technically brilliant"

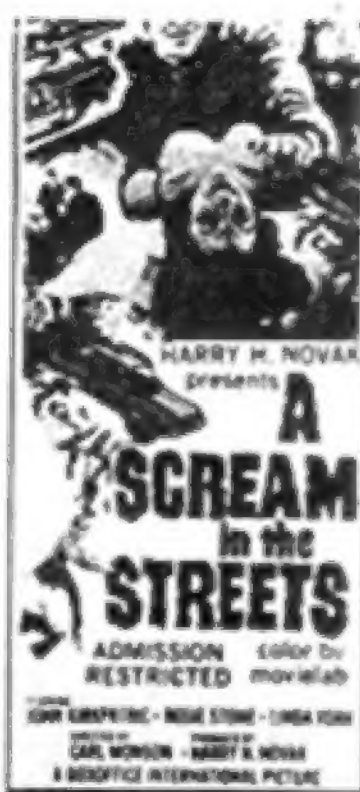
"The splatter scenes are horrific!"



\$29.95



\$29.95



\$29.95



\$29.95



\$29.95



**BRICK'S GUIDE TO PICKIN' UP CHICKS**  
T AND A UNIVERSITY  
Brick Johnson has his Ph.D. in babeology from T & A University. Now he shares his valuable knowledge on how to meet beautiful women.

\$15.00

MAKING IT WORK  
STUDENT FILM

& IT'S CHEAP!  
ONLY \$9.95

Send check or money order payable to

Foreign orders add \$5.00 California orders add 8.25% sales tax

## SHIPPING

1 tape	\$2.40
2-3 tapes	\$3.60
4-6 tapes	\$4.80
Over 6 tapes	\$6.00

**A M I ENTERTAINMENT,**  
12500 RIVERSIDE DRIVE, SUITE 207  
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA 91607

**ALIENS...  
HIPPIES...  
CAVEMEN...  
NINJAS...**

**THIS MOVIE HAS  
EVERYTHING!**



Alien biologists arrive on Earth to study humans. They shoot them with tranquilizer darts, weigh them and put radio tracking collars on them—then shave their heads, paint them green and release them. This is the story of their study...

For More  
Information  
Contact:

William Greystone  
PO Box 10813  
Naples, FL 33940

Running time: 1 hour 40 min. Color

Not rated: ideas and language may be  
unsuitable for children

Starring Robert Flemming & Susana Nemeth  
Produced & Directed by William Thomas Greystone  
Music by Streetwise Enterprises  
© GREYSTONE PRODUCTIONS 1991



# NEKROMANIA!

T-SHIRTS AND POSTERS  
NOW AVAILABLE!!!

OFFICIAL "NEKRO"™  
MERCHANDISE DIRECT  
FROM GERMANY!  
NO CHEAP BOOTLEGS



## T-SHIRTS

(100% cotton white T-shirt with black design.)

- ☐ NEKROMANTIK (Corpsefuck) T-Shirt - \$15.00  
☐ LARGE ☐ X-LARGE QTY \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ DER TODESKING (Deathking) T-Shirt - \$15.00  
☐ LARGE ☐ X-LARGE QTY \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ NEKROMANTIK 2 (Decapitation) T-Shirt - \$15.00  
☐ LARGE ☐ X-LARGE QTY \_\_\_\_\_

## POSTERS

(Each comes rolled or folded flat.)

- ☐ NEKROMANTIK (Corpsefuck) - \$10.00 QTY \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ DER TODESKING (Deathking) - \$10.00 QTY \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ NEKROMANTIK 2 (Decapitation) - \$10.00 QTY \_\_\_\_\_

Send check or M.O. (US funds only) to:

FILM THREAT VIDEO

PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170

# YES!

Please!  
Before  
I rob yet  
another  
grave!

SEND MY STUFF TO:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Total for items \_\_\_\_\_

CA orders add 8.25 sales tax \_\_\_\_\_

Foreign orders add \$5.00 \_\_\_\_\_

SHIPPING \_\_\_\_\_

**TOTAL** \_\_\_\_\_

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

CREDIT CARD # \_\_\_\_\_

EXP. / / \_\_\_\_\_

☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ AMEX

X \_\_\_\_\_  
signature

## SHIPPING

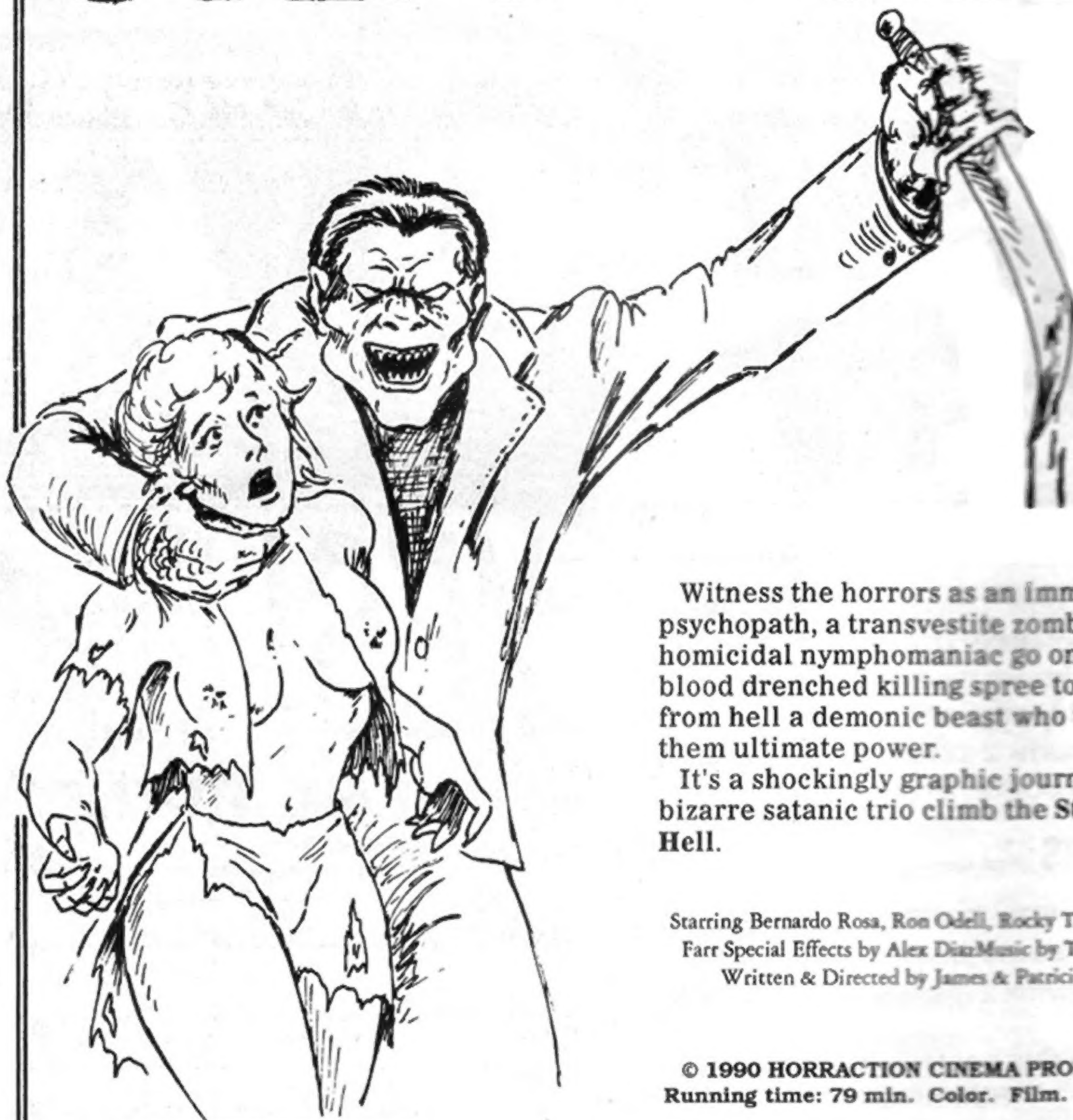
1 item \$2.40  
 2-3 items \$3.60  
 4-6 items \$4.80  
 Over 6 items \$6.00  
 We ship via UPS  
 when you use a  
 street address



**HORRACTION CINEMA PRODUCTIONS**

**PRESENTS**

# STEPS *FROM* HELL



Witness the horrors as an immortal psychopath, a transvestite zombie and a homicidal nymphomaniac go on an all out blood drenched killing spree to release from hell a demonic beast who will grant them ultimate power.

It's a shockingly graphic journey as this bizarre satanic trio climb the Steps From Hell.

Starring Bernardo Rosa, Ron Odell, Rocky Tucker & LaJoy  
Farr Special Effects by Alex Diaz Music by Tony Zawinul  
Written & Directed by James & Patricia Tucker

© 1990 HORRACTION CINEMA PRODUCTIONS  
Running time: 79 min. Color. Film. (VHS ONLY)

**COMING SOON  
FROM  
Horraction Cinema  
LUNATIC  
Some minds should  
be wasted**

**\$24.95**

TO: Horraction Cinema Productions  
3100 Riverside Drive, Los Angeles, CA 90027



# FILM THREAT™ VIDEO GUIDE

ISSUE #4

## PUBLISHER

CHRISTIAN GORE

## EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

DAVID E. WILLIAMS

## EXECUTIVE PUBLISHER

PHIL VIGEANT

## ART DIRECTOR

MICKI WEIDNER

## ASSOCIATE EDITOR

GABRIEL ALVAREZ

## DESIGN DIRECTOR

TERRY COLON

## CONTRIBUTORS

CHRIS CAMPION

SCOTT IAN

DAVE PARKER

GRAHAM RAE

PAUL T. RIDDELL

SCOTT RUSSO

JOE SHEA

COREY ANN SIENEGA

MARION WEIDNER

ROWDY YATES

## COVER

LAWRENCE TIERNEY CAPTURED IN A MAGIC  
MOMENT—PHOTO BY DAVID E. WILLIAMS

## ADVERTISING or WHOLESALE VIDEO ORDERS—CALL NOW!

PHIL VIGEANT

(818) 848-8971

(818) 848-5956 FAX

## KRAZY KOMEDY ISSUE

<b>EDITORIAL</b>	Where Are They?	<b>10</b>
<b>MAIL BAG</b>	Seething Hatred IV	<b>11</b>
<b>GOREY DETAILS</b>	Plugging the Publisher	<b>14</b>
<b>SCAN</b>	Reviews. Reviews, Reviews PLUS—More Reviews!	<b>15</b>
<b>FESTIVALS</b>	THE EDINBURGH FILM FEST: Is There Ever Enough Booze?	<b>30</b>
<b>COVER STORY</b>	SEEING RED: an exercise in expletives	<b>34</b>
<b>INTERVIEW</b>	Colossal Director STEVE WANG'S Kung Fu Rascals	<b>46</b>
<b>INTERVIEW</b>	Surfaholic RUNMAN	<b>52</b>
<b>FEATURE</b>	Tribulation 99 has the answers to everything!!!	<b>56</b>
<b>KNOW THE ENEMY</b>	SEND PARAMOUNT'S STUDIO HEAD A FAX	<b>62</b>
<b>ANOTHER FEATURE</b>	Zen comic artist BRENDAN MCCARTHY redesigns Hollywood	<b>64</b>
<b>COMICS</b>	SCOTT RUSSO'S Super 8 adventures	<b>72</b>

Entire contents © 1992 FILM THREAT VIDEO, INC. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or part without written permission of the Editor-in-Chief. All letters, tapes, submissions or other stuff should be sent to me at FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170. Send Fed-Ex or Express Mail packages to our shipping address (you know, the warehouse): FTVG, 2805 W. Magnolia, Burbank, CA 91505. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170. Single copy, U.S. edition, \$3.95, Subscriptions (U.S.) 1 year (4 issues) \$12.00. Any unsolicited material is considered OURS to use in FTVG or FILM THREAT, so don't get any crummy ideas about trying to squeeze money out of us. Call or send for ad rates, because we're real cheap and we happen to believe that paid advertisements help round out the pages and space the articles. PH# (818) 848-8971, (818) 848-5956-FAX. We will trade ads with other magazines. Videos, comics, and other mags will be considered for review. So waste some postage and give us something to write about!





# WHERE ARE THEY?

**M**ANY PEOPLE WERE SURPRISED BY both last issue's cover and contents. Comments ranged from, "that's disgusting" to "it's the fuckin' greatest thing I've ever seen!" One reader went so far as to say that the VIDEO GUIDE reminded him of how much he hated mainstream movies. High praise indeed.

However, it isn't the purpose of the GUIDE to make you hate—it's to make you aware of today's films that haven't played by the same old boring rules. And to achieve this goal, we depend largely on you filmmakers out there to help keep us informed and send us your work.

## LOST FILMS

Where are they?

When I was in film school (yes, I'll admit it), I crewed on dozens of projects, made several of my own films (all of which are nearly unwatchable), and in five years probably saw forty decent movies finished by my peers. So what happened to them all? Are they just sitting on some dark shelf? In a dark closet? Down some deep dark mine shaft?

Granted, many independent films belong in one of two distinct categories—shameless pretension or sub-amateur dreck, but the purpose of making films is to have them seen, talked about and learned from. There is nothing so sacred, serious or deep about anyone's work that it can be considered above being seen by the masses, which includes us. So dig out that "lost" classic and finish your latest cutting edge epic—it needs to be shared with people who love movies.

## WHAT YOU WANT

Over the last year, FILM THREAT VIDEO has sold thousands of videotapes, and worked hard to make difficult to find films available to everyone. We have even made progress in getting some titles into video stores and available on a rental basis. Unfortunately, we've had very little feedback on our efforts.

While our reader's survey has given us a good idea of what you want to see in print, we also need to know what you want to see on tape.

Do people want more comedy or horror? Is there enough interest for a compilation tape full of all the sick short films that I desperately want to do something with? Let me know!

## WHAT WE WANT

Sadly, some people are confused as to what kinds of films we are "looking for" or "interested in."

How about good, interesting films?

It seems that the camcorder buying boom has given every idiot and his/her equally dull cousin the impression that their instant home movies are as worthy of review as the work of serious (or at least capable) filmmakers. At the same time, every hack, Z-movie distributor thinks their repackaged, slasher/tit flick is going to get some much-needed print from us just because they have a color box and a one-sheet featuring some scramble-brained blonde in the arms of a macho, gun-toting, wannabe stud.

This is not the case. Actually, it just means I get free "blanks."

Although many readers enjoy laughing at some of the wildly negative reviews in our SCAN section, this issue may prove to be their last of such laughs. In the future, we will no longer waste time or space reviewing this kind of shit. (Unless of course we can think of something particularly cruel or funny to say!) By raising our standards, we hope to convince others to do likewise. At the same time, we hope to encourage more people to make and send us serious films by letting them know there's a (semi) serious forum that's ready, able and willing to give them their due.

Pissed off and passing out,

David E. Williams





## WARNING! WARNING!

Dear Film (Not A) Threat:

YOUR MAGAZINE LOOKS LIKE IT IS PUT TOGETHER BY A FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOY. IT IS ABOUT AS VISUALLY INTERESTING AS THE L.A. TIMES. AND ALMOST AS SUBVERSIVE YOU SHOULD BE TRYING TO FAN THE FLAMES OF THE LOMING KALE WAR AND THE IMPENDING SLAUGHTER OF THE MALE POPULATION IN THE WAKE OF THE POST (FUSCIST) FEMINIST AWAKENING/UPRISING INSTEAD OF WORSHIPFULLY JERKING OFF YOUR LOSER FRIENDS' "UNDERGROUND" FILMS. OBVIOUSLY YOU NEVER GET SEX AND PROBABLY STILL HAVE ACNE.

FUCK FEMINISM — KILL ALL MEN  
START THE VIOLENCE  
YOU ARE LAME I'M AN ARTIST and your not.

p.s. I'm a hot chick not tall type you want me BUT I HATE YOU! Fuck you!

Ms. Pussy (Not A Kitty),

Thank you for your interest, however, we are not in need of your services at this time. By the way, if you really are a hot chick, please send us a nudie photo for our adolescent sexual needs.

## KINDER WORDS

DAVE,

THANKS FOR THE LETTER ANSWERING ALL MY DAMN QUESTIONS. WHEN I FOUND THE NEW ISSUE OF FTVG MY INITIAL REACTION WAS ONE OF SUSPICION AND DISAPPOINTMENT (WHAT THE FUCK IS "MOUNTAIN PURT" AND WHY?) BUT THEN I SAW THE QUESTIONNAIRE AND BY THE TIME I GOT AROUND TO FILLING IT OUT I HAD MELOUED A BIT. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK.

JAY HOLLINGSWORTH

## CANADA RESPONDS

to Film Threat Video Guide. Just a little response letter to pg 39 of issue two of your mag. It is a shame that you are being hassled at the borders of my country by our customs officers. But you are not alone. Many states in Canada are receiving similar hassles and complaints. Recently in Toronto raids on comic stores occurred, and many "mature" comic books were deemed "too obscene" for Canadian eyes. As a comic collector, that really bothered me. As an artist, it bothers me even more. It makes me sick to know that we are being oppressed so. I used to do an <sup>adult</sup> music fanzine called HEADTRIP, and I recently ended up being charged with obscenity for it. Now I'm in court battling to prove my innocence. I don't know what's happening to our right to speak freely here, just wanted to let you know that I do not consider you, nor any other entertainment magazine a threat to anything. An utterly bored Canadian, mac.c.

Mark,

Man, what can I say? Unfortunately you probably won't even see your letter reprinted here because of your country's repressive border system.

Jay,

Thanks, your letter calmed me down. But let's not settle for just "good" work. As you can see from this issue, the GUIDE is continuing to improve.

SEND YOUR SCRIBBLINGS TO:

FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE

PO Box 3170

Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170

Cash or other legal tender will be accepted without question and help ensure the publication of your letter!



dear david,

this is Supercharger speaking. it pleases us to tell you that we thought your selection, NEKROMANTIK, was good fun and quite an experience. the subtitles were a bit small, but to complain about such would be 'splitting hairs.'

FT-1  
SFPPD-O



Supercharger,

Sorry you got our earlier version of Nekromantik. In the last month, the film was re-mastered and re-subtitled, greatly reducing the eye strain inherent to past (and bootlegged) versions. I hope your time saved from 'splitting hairs' will be better spent tormenting 'blue meanies' or picking off kiddies one by one.

## A NOTE OF THANKS



Dear Film Threat VG,

Just wanted to drop a line thanking you for your kind words about my works NECROMANIA / DUNGEON, and for sending the comp. issues.

On another note, my name was consistently misspelled throughout the review, but the truth is that I decided that I like your spelling better! I'll soon start legal proceedings to change from Higham to Highham (it will reduce the pronunciation problem that I often deal with).

Thanks again, and keep up the good work!  
'Til next time.....

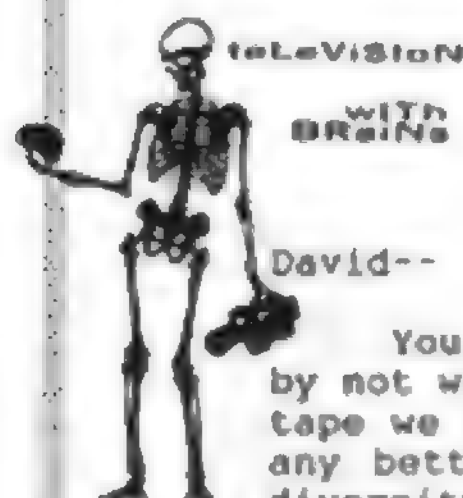
R.I.P.

*George Higham*  
George Highham

George,

It's easy to say kind words about good films. About your name...Uh, good idea.

## BROTHER GEORGE RESPONDS



You did Brains On Film a bit of a disservice by not watching the other 3 episodes we put on the tape we sent you. You may not have liked the show any better but you would have at least seen the diversity. Other than that, I was happy to get the ink (and you got to use us to take another swipe at Psychotronic).

Brother George

## JUST PASSING TIME

Dear Sirs:

I am a Federal Prisoner here in Oakdale Louisiana. I am writing this letter because I have an interest in the small press and would like to hear from you. I am new to the small press and have never had the privilege of viewing your magazine. I got your address out of an issue of Fact Sheet Five and I see that you have an article with Henry Lee Lucas. I am particularly interested in this issue because I have met and done time with him. Please send me complete information on your subscription rates and a sample copy if possible. I thank you for consideration of my request.

Sincerely,

*Scott Sandifer*  
Scott Sandifer

Scott,

Your issue is in the mail! So, Henry Lee was in for multiple murder and assorted nastiness. And you served time with him....interesting. But what we really want to know is: (A) Did he jerk off a lot? (B) Did you two ever play "Drop The Soap?" (C) What did YOU do?

## HEY BIG SPENDER!

Film Threat Video Guide,

In David E. Williams' interview of Mark Headley in Issue 3 of FTVG, Headley is quoted as saying, "...Super 8 affords you the ability to go out, on the weekends even, with a camera and forty, fifty dollars worth of film and go ahead and make your movie..." I don't know where he buys his stock, but on Super 8 Sound a fifty foot cartridge of Kodachrome 40 sound costs eighteen dollars. For forty or fifty dollars you couldn't even get ten minutes of film. Maybe this is too nit-picky...but he's wrong.

*Jerad Sloan*  
Jerad Sloan

Jerad,

What can I say? You obviously lack the required intuition necessary for understanding a rambling producer. What Mark meant was that for forty or fifty bucks you could shoot that particular weekend. (DUH!)

George,

Sorry to say that you and Professor Tread did yourselves a disservice by boring me with your "Backwoods Buffoonery" episode. Sadly, I don't have the time to watch everything sent for review (which is why others help with the Scan section), so diversity rarely tends to supplement weak material. After receiving your note, I went back to reconsider my review and found it to be basically accurate. However, I was recently informed of your antics in New York and look forward to seeing more from Brains On Film. Hint: only send the good stuff.



PLEASE SAM, PLEASE!

## ARMY OF DARKNESS

1011 N. Fuller West Hollywood, CA 90046

Dear Dave,

Greetings!

I'm a big fan of your magazine. Keep up the good work. Sorry it took so long to get back to you. I have been wrapped up in production on "Army of Darkness" AKA Evil Dead III.

You asked me to take part in your super film series. But until I can fix them up and redo all splices, I don't feel they are in any kind of condition to be transferred to video.

Thanks for the offer.

Kind regards,

Sam Raimi



Everyone,

We contacted Raimi in an effort to get his early films released on video and seen by the fans that have continued to support his career. I know I want to see Within The Woods, the first version of Evil Dead! Write to Sam and tell him how much you want to see this lost classic from his humble Super 8 beginnings.

## SHOULD HE SUBSCRIBE?

ENCLOSED IS ALL THE MONEY I HAVE LEFT IN THE WORLD ACTUALLY ITS JUST THAT I AM NOTHING BUT A WORTHLESS PIECE OF WORK THAT MY WIFE SAYS WILL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING. (I HATE HER AND I'M GOING TO DROP A PIANO ON HER) (BUT I'LL PROBABLY JUST END UP WITH A BILL FOR A BROKEN PIANO) SHE'S PROBABLY RIGHT.

THE REASSURING FACT IS THAT HAVING PICKED UP MY VERY FIRST COPY OF FT AT THE LOCAL 'PISSE WIGGLE' I KNOW THERE IS HOPE FOR ME. YOU PEOPLE ARE FAR WORSE OFF THAN I!

JACK

P.S. SHOULD I SUBSCRIBE?

Jack,

The three steps to happiness: (1) Subscribe to FTVG, (2) Subscribe to FILM THREAT, (3) Repeat steps 1 and 2 until you are happy.

## EAT SHIT MONDO VIDEO

Hi Dave,

I thought your Rip-Off, Inc. piece was very nicely done. Not too much - just enough to keep him on his toes. I hope that the editor whose own time was reviewed elsewhere in this issue takes it very personally because he is one of those you mentioned who will not publicly take Farmer to task. What a spineless weasel! I really doubt that you will hear from Farmer. Many others have said a lot worse about him without receiving a response. He seems to have some underground like the scary little subterranean creature that he is.

I was a little disappointed by your "Brains on Film" review because you based it on just one episode. Admittedly, this is probably all they sent you, but several of their shows were much better than the one you saw. This week they will be filming "NYC Underground Night" which will feature the "Best" of Todd, Ken, Lunch, etc... Much of the research material was culled from early issues of FT. The boys are also working on a radio show. Likely I have been contributing what I can for them and we plan to collaborate on some project in the near future. By the way, BOB's George Marshall is a longtime acquaintance of Donald Farmer, having actually worked on one of his films. (participated in a Donnie Keaton gang rape scene) A few months ago he was promised a few bucks from Farmer for services rendered, etc. Guess what? George is still waiting.

Regards,

Vic

To: DAVID

RE: RIP OFF INC / EDITORIAL -

ABOUT A YEAR AGO A BUTLER VIDEO DEALER IN NYC NAMED JOEL EISNER SPOKE A DEATH THREAT TO ME -

EISNER HAD DIRECT DEALINGS WITH DONALD FARMER - AND HAD A COPY OF 'NECROMANTIK' - FROM D FARMER.

I'VE GOTTEN THE SAME TYPE OF TREATMENT AS VIC STAFFY REGARDING THIS INCIDENT - MOST NOTABLY BY MICHAEL WELDON OF 'PSYCHOTRAUMIC' WHO IS WORSE THAN CHICKENSHIT - DO YOU HAVE ANY COUNSEL? GERALD ZIMMER

Gerald And Vic,

Thanks for the support. Yours were only two of many letters we received regarding this subject. Interestingly, only one pathetic fool wrote in to defend Don Farmer. Sadly, the letter was unsigned, negating any possibility of hunting down the little scumbag scribbler and giving him/her a severe thrashing. If you are reading this, you cheese-eating fuck, why don't you drop me a line so we can settle this issue like mature adults?

## GLASNOST STRIKES BACK

English Language Club  
LATVIA

August 20, 1991

Greetings from LATVIA!

I'm the English language teacher and organizer of English Language Club there, also a mum to 5 children. I saw your nice adv. and got interested in it. We are looking for new forms of our further work and we'd be very glad to have more information in English there. So there is one request - maybe you can help us with some information? We'd be very grateful to you and keep your issue at our English Language Club.

Thank You in advance!

Yours sincerely, R. Liepins.

Rita,

You can't imagine how proud we are to know that our last issue is now a part of your school's library. Hmmm, a couple words you can use on your next pop spelling quiz: necrophilia, nymphomania, transvestite, blowjob, jazz, asshole...





# THE GOREY DETAILS

## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

There is a great section in one of my favorite magazines called *Factsheet Five*. It's called "Why Publish?" In it, small press publishers give their personal thoughts on publishing and what it means to them. Since FTVG is mainly focused on underground filmmakers I think it would be appropriate to start a section called "Why Make Films?" since so many of our readers either *are* or *hope to be* filmmakers. I'll start off this new column with my own answer to this question and readers—please write in with your comments because we are interested in what you think.

## WHY MAKE FILMS?

I truly like to subvert people's thinking. Okay, what I mean is—I love to fuck with people! I love to play practical jokes or just in general, get on people's nerves. I can do this by writing or playing tricks (my new favorite prank is to write on the outside of an envelope I've mailed—"Do you still want to BONE the mailman?") It's hard enough to get people to read, much less think, but films have a way of attacking an innocent viewer on all levels. When an audience watches a movie they are assaulted with music, images, words and yes—they sometimes even have to read (and I don't mean subtitles). All of these levels of information can be used to fuck with people, and that's what my film *Red* is all about—making prank phone calls and turning someone's life into a miserable mess for the enjoyment of others. That's my idea of fun.

Okay, this isn't the only reason to make movies. There is a certain enjoyment in making a scene work or seeing an audience accept a completely ludicrous idea (like inventing a formula that eliminates pain.) The coolest thing about making films is observing an

audience that is in "MY" complete control (at least for the running time of the film). Yes, there's something a little fascistic and totalitarian about being a director, and since dictators are falling out of popularity all over the world, these guys may want to turn to filmmaking for that same thrill. I wonder what kind of movies Castro will be making?

## GO AHEAD! TAKE A SHOT AT ME!

A lot of readers may criticize me for printing this big story about *Red*, a movie I made, in my own magazine. I could say it was editor-in-chief, David Williams idea (which it was, thanks Dave!). But think about it—who is really going to write about this film? Not *Premiere*, *Movieline*, *Film Comment*, *American Film*, *Cineaste*, *FilmFax*, *Starlog*, *Fangoria*, *Gorezone* or even *Psychotronic*. FTVG seems to be one of the few magazines covering new and unusual films and videos by up and coming filmmakers. Anyone who wants to complain or criticize—please do! I welcome it! It's how I've improved *FILM THREAT*, developed *FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE* and learned how to direct. Constructive criticism works and I prefer it to a "YES" person or an ass kisser. (Though I never turn down a good ass-lickin', I just never respect the person in the morning.)

Good Bite,

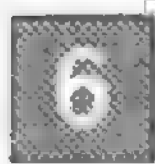
Christian Gore





# SCAN

Reviews by Gabriel Alvarez, Dave Parker, Corey Ann Sienega, David E. Williams.  
Christian Gore, Marion Weidner and Rowdy Yates.



## WINTERBEAST

60min/16mm  
Mercury Pictures

This monster/horror yarn yields iffy results as it ignores its own strong points and settles on the lowest genre conventions.

Starting off with a somewhat interesting Indian mythology hook as tribal totems come to life and mercilessly kill infringing whitebread campers, *Winterbeast* takes a incalculably wrong turn as it becomes a sad "what-done-it" mystery reminiscent of the 1979 environmentally correct John Frankenheimer anti-classic *Prophecy*.

But all is not lost due to writer/director Christopher Thies' ability to inject warped humor into this stiffening cadaver of a picture and elicit real live laughs. Proof positive of this appears with the inclusion of a huge dildo in what's supposed to be a collection of "Indian artifacts taken from a great warrior."

**BIG LAUGH!**

While this brand of gag continues with mixed results, the film's attempts at thrills and chills are what made me laugh most as *Evil Dead*-style gore FX and Play-Dough animated

beasts crash and burn in a twitching morass of amateurish misdirection.

On a more constructive note, it should be mentioned that while *Winterbeast* may flounder under its own limitations, it marks a new mid-point in a brand of cinema I'll call The New Lunacy—a balls-to-the-wall attempt at shedding old genre conventions.

—D.E.W.



## CHERRY GROVE

12min/Video  
Jailhouse Tattoo Prods.

This short is probably one of the few tapes we have recently received that I actually watched twice. While that may sound to be a "high" recommendation, I'd have to qualify my statement by saying I had to watch it twice simply because I didn't "get it" the first time around. But then again, I didn't on the second either. It's that kind of film: blood-drenched nightmare imagery coupled with stroboscopic visuals as a pathetic loser recalls his childhood through a complex series of surreal flashbacks. Plot? We don't need no stinking plot!



That wacky monster from *WINTERBEAST*.

This, like so much of what's being produced by our twentysomething, MTV-weened generation, is more about the nuances of texture (shaving cream and blood, bright red cherry pie filling and orange juice, grainy film and crisp video) than any contrived, dia-

logue-ridden bullshit. Most impressively, however, auteurs David George and Brian Rainy manage to pass the pretension litmus test by excluding obvious tie-ups and explanations from this small treasure. Thank God!

—D.E.W.



8

**CYBERPUNK**

60min/Video

Mystic Fire Video

Alright! It's about time someone put together a documentary about the Cyberpunk movement that even computer illiterate idiots like myself can understand. Christ, even words like disk-drive put my head into a spin. So, if you want to understand what this stuff is all about, get a hold of this tape. Ya gotta like what Cyberpunks believe in and stand for. Their slogan is—"Information wants to

be free" and they love to use technology against the people who want to restrict it. Kind of like the anarchists, but a lot smarter. In fact, one guy named Michael Synergy claims to have the power to down the government. *Cool.*

There are also interviews with Timothy Leary, Vernon Reid of Living Colour, assorted hackers and the Godfather of Cyberpunk himself, William Gibson, who reveals that when it comes to computers, he's just as illiterate as me.

Besides great interviews,

this tape covers all aspects of the Cyberpunk movement: art, music, literature, fashion, and the newest toy, virtual reality. This technology enables anyone to go anywhere without actually going anywhere. Basically, it fucks with your head unchemically. This thing is gonna be lots O' fun.

This is the most completely entertaining and informative tape I've yet to see on this movement. Spend the cash, you won't regret it.

—D.P

5

**YOU MADE YOUR BED... NOW DIE IN IT!**

45min/Video/B&amp;W

Eyefuck Films Int.

These three shorts by U.K. based American Richard Baylor have been described by some as reminiscent of the Cinema of Transgression-era work of Richard Kern. While I could agree with that (and I should

since I was the one who said it), I'd have to say that Baylor's brand of "sex n' death" cinema falls short of the mark by titillating as opposed to confronting the audience.

For instance, most first time viewers of Kern's *Right Side of My Brain* will be compelled to watch by the hope that star Lydia Lunch will ultimately get naked. Of course she does, but Kern always pushes beyond that to some greater, more unexpected depravity. On the other hand, Baylor's trio keeps promising but never even delivers on the lowest denominator. And in my book, the only thing lower than a liar is a tease.

—R.Y.



budget is very difficult to pull off, forcing those in control to be creative and clever as opposed to formulaic and derivative. Thusly, those shows never worked very well.

Similarly, while this erotic horror double-whammy has several things running in its favor (on the level of low-budget, shot-on-video features), it tries too hard to compete with superior films to be ultimately successful

itself.

Incidentally though, budgetary excuses can't cover all the bases here.

*Dark Harvest* concerns a group of idiotic yuppies who are trapped and killed in traditional *Friday The 13th* fashion by a gang of malevolent scarecrows. As a stalk n' slash, this film works only moderately well—the requisite tension failing under the weight of the filmmakers trying to accomplish more than they can technically handle.

The second film, *Death By Love* features naked women who have had the blood sucked out of them by a vampiric devil. Of course the police are baffled, and the usual plot twists finally kick in at the end.

Although sprinkled with enough sex, violence and small-scale mayhem, this double bill lacks the sheer ingenuity to be better than passable.

Of note is this production's use of the "film-look" video effect, which adds a certain celluloid-like grain to the 2-D video image.

—R.Y.

**EXPLAINING OUR RATINGS:**

10

Perfect! A must for any collection and worth twice the price!

9

Excellent. Definitely worth buying.

8

Great. We're jealous and wish we'd thought of it.

7

Very Good. Would get the filmmaker an "A" at U.C.L.A.

6

Good. But not "very good." Wait until you have extra cash.

5

A few good scenes, but only at the 7-Eleven security-cam level.

4

Dull. But interesting at scan speed.

3

Trance-inducing. Not interesting, even at scan speed.

2

Bad. You have a new blank tape.

1

Sucks! No explanation necessary.

6

**DARK HARVEST & DEATH BY LOVE**

120min/Video

Artistic License

Those familiar with the syndicated *Monsters or Tales From The Dark Side* television efforts know that good horror on a ULTRA-low



4

**BAD FILMS**60 min/B&W and  
color  
Zuckerfilms

The producers of this tape could definitely do with another title. How about *A Bunch of Really Stupid Short Films* or *A Whole Mess of Embarrassingly Unfunny Videos Except for a Couple by a Guy Named Teddy Dibble* or, better yet, how about *Still One More Tape That Includes That Old Animated Standard That's Been Seen by Just about Everyone on the Planet- Bambi Meets Godzilla*. I mean, really, these things wouldn't get laughs on *America's Funniest Home Videos*. Definite proof that a license should be a mandatory requirement before any operation of a video camera.

-D.P.

6

**SHRECK**90 min/video  
3AM Films

Not a bad little film about three nerds who bring an infamous mass murderer back from the dead. Of course, now that he's alive, he stalks the nerds and in due time, wipes them out. However, there are some major flaws in this thing. First, the murderer, Schreck, resurrects some dead guys to help him kill. Okay, that's cool, but they wear sheets over their heads like 2nd graders on Halloween. Also, the cheap gore effects would look a hellava lot better if edited properly. *Shreck* is, on the whole, a reasonable way to waste an hour and a half.

-D.P.

## THIS ACTUALLY GOT MADE: SCREAM PLAY



Some of the tantalizing cast members of *SCREAM PLAY*.

*From the press kit:*

The film begins by establishing a sadistic cult that castrates and murders victims for entertainment. The cult is led by Lafitte, a rich and sophisticated French professor, whose hobby is collecting souls.

One of his students is Jack, brilliant and obsessed with composing avant garde music. In his quest for a new kind of music, Jack is manipulated by Lafitte into the S/M scene and into the professor's much more dangerous private activities.

Jack's girlfriend Claudia and his best friend Benny are journalists covering the series of bizarre murders and discover the connection between the murders, the professor and his best friend Jack just as Jack and Claudia's lives are being threatened by Lafitte and his diabolical servants. **[FTV]**

*Uh, yeah...but the publicity photos are great.*



# Betty Page

## SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT



BETTY PAGE: finally, something new to watch.

5

### THE BOY WHO LOVED MONSTERS

73min/B&W  
Dinky Films

Imagine a 73 minute film with one set and a bunch of talking heads. Yeah, sure there was *My Dinner With Andre*, but who liked that aside from the critics and the easily impressed-by-minimalism art crowd?

It's about a kid who's basically a real brat. He talks about monsters all the time: sometimes bites people. So, the first half of the movie features a psychiatrist talking to the kid's nanny. While the second half revolves around the same psychiatrist now interviewing the kid.

The dialog is actually very well written, but gets boring after a while cuz there's nothing to look at. It's too bad the makers of this tape have no visual

sense. This could have been a really good video.

—D.P.

7

### BETTY PAGE: SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

30 min/Film & Video  
No Budget Masterpiece  
Prods.

This is probably the first of many films that will be made about *Betty Page*, the Queen of 50s bondage and tease films, but it's certainly not the best. Made by a group of Betty-Fanatics and directed by Joe Westmoreland, this fictional docu-drama features Abbey Lavine as Betty. Though Ms. Lavine hasn't quite mastered Betty's Tennessee-Southern drawl, she has an ass to die for! It's that incredible big-butt quality that made me look twice at the black and white recreations of the old Irving Klaw films—they

look very authentic when compared to the real Page films. Lavine's tantalizing ass and big thighs gyrating makes one wish that skinny models would go away forever.

The worst parts of the video descend to a cable TV-like cheapness that is, at times, embarrassing. The film includes visits to some hilarious Betty Page-Fanatics that dress and act like Betty (well, it's better than dressing in a red shirt and saying, "Beam me up Scotty."). Ramada N., who describes himself as a "Betty Page-Illusionist," has the hairiest arms I've ever seen on a transvestite. Another woman found out about Betty by buying a tease book at a flea market—hey, if it encourages women to dress up in lingerie and engage in bondage fantasies, I'm all for it! Nothing I can say will dissuade hardcore Betty fans from buying

*Betty Page: Setting the Record Straight*, but if you are just mildly interested, wait for the next Betty Page-Bio pic. With her growing mainstream popularity there's bound to be another film like this, and it won't have to try too hard to be better.

—C.G.

5

### ATTACK FROM OUTER SPACE

85 min/Super 8  
Simmons Movie Prods.

I made Super 8 films when I was a kid but I never had the ambition to do an entire feature. Well, some kid from Mississippi did and it's called *Attack from Outer Space*. The plot—aliens come to earth and blow things up—good. For a kid, this movie is pretty good and I'll bet the relatives gave it a standing ovation and on that level, it deserves it. As a film for



other folks it's mildly entertaining.

Remember, some big-time directors started making Super 8 features, so some of these mistakes are forgivable but here's some advice for director Alan Simmons: Shoot Super 8 at 24 frames per second, NEVER at 18 fps. The film will look too jittery. Toys may save money when used as models but they ALWAYS look cheap. Try to get actors outside your immediate gene pool. Outside of that, *Attack From Outer Space* is a good effort that is reminiscent of the old 50s sci-fi. If director Alan Simmons can correct some of these mistakes and continue, we will surely see some good films in the future.

—C.G.



## ROY BOY'S TATTOO TAPES

75min/Video  
Roy Boy's Place

Boasting that he's "the one who started it all," Roy Boy is the proprietor of what appears to be a hidden empire of ink stained weirdness in otherwise dull Gary, Indiana. Warning of heavy nudity (*Ooh, scary!*) his line of tattoo and body piercing documentary tapes offer a Middle American twist to the modern primitives fad that's taken root in such urban centers as LA, SF and NYC.

Interestingly, not all of Roy Boy's subjects are the tat festooned, roly poly biker types one would expect, offering instead some exceptionally impressive views (*Ahem!*) of Midwestern needlework. However, what I find most

shocking about these well-produced compendiums of Americana aren't the genital loops or ink embellished extremities, but the simple naturalness displayed here by a subculture that has long been the scourge of mainstream society.

—R.Y.

1

## ONE WIERD FLICK

100min/Super 8

Greystone Productions  
(Only because I got a free blank)

First let me describe the video box: the word "Weird" is actually spelled incorrectly, the full color box has a magic marker drawing of an alien and badly shot photos. I couldn't find anything you could call a story except that some cheap spaceship lands and some people dressed in normal "earth" clothes walk out. The only "alien" make-up this cheap crew could afford was some eyeliner that connects the eyebrows making the "Aliens" look like Monobrows from outer space. The video box also claims (this is an exact quote, with misspellings and bad grammar), "This movie got everythang!!!! It's got space aliens, it's got hippies, it's got caveman, it's got a ninja, it's got space rodents!" They forgot to mention; no plot, no one who can act, no effects, and nothing funny to anyone outside the filmmakers themselves (I even hesitate to call them filmmakers). Go back to your day jobs please, there's no talent here, just one good blank videocassette.

—C.G.

# MR. COFFIN SAYS...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DIE TO REST IN PEACE!

ALWAYS WANTED A COFFIN OF YOUR VERY OWN BUT DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO FIND ONE?



NEED THAT SPECIAL "ENIGMATIC APPEAL" FOR A PARTY, CLUB, THEATER OR STAGE SHOW?

COFFIN TABLES, COFFIN GRANDFATHER CLOCKS, COFFIN BOOKCASES & COFFIN PURSES SOUND INTERESTING?

WE HAVE THE ANSWER!

- \* COFFINS AS LOW AS \$300.00!
- \* CUSTOM MEMORIALS, COFFINS AND URNS—BOTH THE REAL THING AS WELL AS PROPS!
- \* WE SHIP! (NOTE: RATES VARY)
- \* RENTALS AVAILABLE IN SAN FRANCISCO AREA!

CALL TODAY! VISA/MC OK!  
1-800-678-DOOM  
CA: 1-415-695-9065

## SERIAL KILLER

*The board game of the 90's*

Finally what you crave



Finally what you crave

Send Checks/Money Orders To:  
Jill Herman  
4447 N. Marmora  
Chicago, IL 60630



# WAKE UP & DIE!

Brainwashing, Bimbos & Sex!  
A Kooky Kinky Circus Production  
Directed by Tito Jacques  
Written by Darwin Bell  
Produced by Thori Urie  
Starring Tito Jacques

## NOW ON SALE

\$10.00 + \$5.00 S/H  
(Add \$1.00 for 1st Class Mail)

Send Check or Money Order to:  
Tito Jacques  
842 Fell Street  
San Francisco, CA 94117

3

## MONDO CANE

90min/B&W  
MPI Home Video

Alright! This is why I took this thankless job. I get to see stuff I'd normally pay for. I've always wanted to see the infamous *Mondo Cane*. God, I can't wait to...Hey, wait a second! What's this shit? Phony footage of topless native chicks? Rudolph Valentino look-alikes? Some pigs, (the real eatin' kind-not the L.A. men-in-blue kind), getting slaughtered? A dog cemetery? Hey, Chris, Dave, did you give me the right tape? *This* is the most shocking film ever made? This sucks! Maybe some people were upset by this stuff in 1963, but, nowadays, even my mom wouldn't bat an eyelash at this crap. All I can say is- don't believe the hype! This is even dumber and more sleep-inducing than *Faces of Death*.

-D.P.

tape will you find any mention of what to do with your new identity). Despite including some obvious information (like a woman can achieve a new identity by marrying some dolt and then leaving him) there is plenty of interesting facts which are presented in a clear manner. Throughout *New ID*, the viewer is warned that: *The fraudulent use of ANY type of ID is illegal and may be punishable by fine or imprisonment*. So, the useful tips this tape offers, including how not to get caught through cross-references, how to "age" false documents and how to disappear, are intended for entertainment purposes only. But as narrator F. Darryl Gilley Smith so wisely tells us: "You may never need to use any of the information in this videotape, but somehow it is nice to know that you could."

-G.A.

7

## NEW ID: How to Create a Complete New Identity

40min/Video  
Paladin Press

A fake ID is an essential accessory for many, most notably juvenile delinquents, paranoid citizens and fugitives. Although the risks of obtaining false identification can be serious, the benefits can be rewarding. *New ID* allows you to sit back and fantasize about what exactly you would do if you were shady enough to utilize an alternative identity in order to gain certain rewards (keep in mind nowhere on this

7

## TRASH

95min/16mm  
Mystic Fire Video

From the opening shot of Joe Dallesandro's pimple-marked ass to the closing comment of an exasperated Holly Woodlawn, Paul Morrissey's *Trash* is a magnificently hilarious account of New York City low-lives and their depressing existence. Dallesandro is a junkie so messed up he can't get a hard-on- a fact that every woman he meets finds a shame since they all want to get in his pants. But Joe is so jacked that all he really wants is the next fix. His girlfriend (the outrageously engaging transvestite Woodlawn)

# WHAT is Shrimping?

How is it done?



Read:

STROSS'S

JIZZ

AVAILABLE AT COMIC SHOPS EVERYWHERE.  
Published Bi-Monthly By  
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS INC.,  
7563 LAKE CITY WAY NE  
SEATTLE, WA. 98115  
BACK ISSUES 1-4 \$2.50 EACH  
5-\$2.75 6-\$2.75 7-\$3.00

Post-  
Paid



meanwhile collects trash and attempts to sell it in order for the duo to survive. Morrissey properly hands the film to the actors who are tragically intriguing and whose dire situations invoke not only laughter but a feeling of genuine emotions. *Trash* may be too vulgar and outright absurd for some viewers but for those of you who have seen this 1970 classic you know that sifting through the grime and misery of others can be highly entertaining.

—G.A.

# 8 CLUB FUCK: THE VIDEO

10min/Video

Okay, I'll admit it. I go to Club Fuck. It has to be the best club in Los Angeles. This video captures all the sweat, piercing and nudity that this club has every Sunday night for the low price of \$6.00. First the review of the club itself—the best in LA, not necessarily because of what it *has* but because of what it *doesn't* have. Club Fuck **DOES NOT** have overpriced cover, outrageously priced drinks, a no-necked bouncer rudely choosing only the beautiful people—I refuse to frequent any club that has the asshole policy of the fascist gate around the entrance (unless I'm on the guest list). *Fuck* is filled with leather, rubber and scantily-clad women (and men if you are so inclined). Industrial dance music and sick/fun sex performances break out at intervals to give one a chance to refill their beer glass. Fun! I wish I went that night.

—C.G.

(SCAN cont. p. 24)

## MINI-INTERVIEW

# RAPPING WITH RUDY RAY MOORE

by John Donnelly

## BEHIND THE CLOWN EXTERIOR

Of comedian and filmmaker, Rudy Ray Moore sits more than a little bitterness. But understandably so. First the guy originates the comedy that made Richard Pryor, then, single-handedly, he invented rap, which some N.Y. disco-rebels swiped and turned into a multi-million dollar industry. And most recently, the new black cinema, made profitable by overhyping the likes of Spike Lee, completely ignores him.

*How did you get into film?*

I made the comedy album *Eat Out More Often* featuring the character Dolemite, which became a smash hit all across the country. So I wrote it into a screenplay, which became *Dolemite*. I couldn't get nobody to finance it so I used my own money, \$140,000, and had the premiere at the Rialto Theatre in Atlanta. I made a second film (*The Human Tornado*) and the two were picked up by a distributor, but the company filed Chapter 11. Then I went with Translu Pictures and did Petie Wheatstraw (*The Devil's Son-in-Law*). Then I did the *Monkey Hustle* for AIP, who had such stars as Pam Grier, Fred Williamson and William Marshall.

*Why did you stop making films?*

It got bad with the so-called blaxploitation films that groups started kicking and so forth and then all the theaters that we had started closing down. Chicago had nine theaters like this and there's not one of them left. So now we have to make pictures that will fill an overall market, so we can get to the mall theaters. People are so sophisticated today that you need quite a bit of money to shoot something of value. We could get away with it in those days because we were rowdy and rough and raw and crude, but today you need a touch more sophistication.

*Are these new black films similar to what was happening in the Seventies?*

Well, they are lucky enough to have picked up backers. Spike Lee has a major studio behind him. These guys have a lot of money, so they can almost do whatever they want to, but with the money that I'm going to raise I'm going to have to be pretty hard hit to make it stand up. I can't make a mistake. The trend in black films today is similar, but they're done better today, with a touch more sophistication.

*Have you seen Spike Lee's films?*

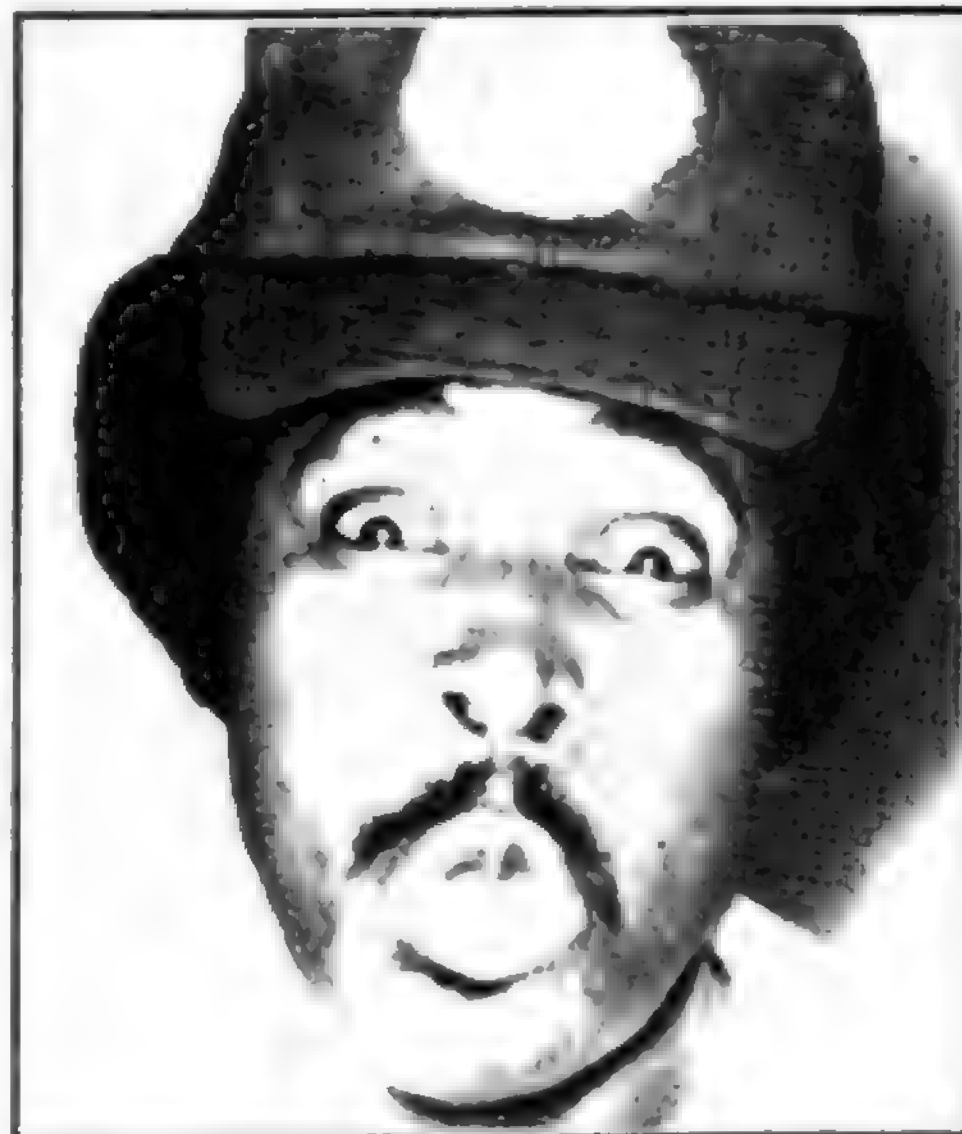
No. I haven't seen Robert Townsend's either. I just have been so disappointed and disgusted with not getting my rightful dues that I ain't going to watch them.

*Do you think your humor is sexist?*

The sex bag is real heavy. I do a lot on the sex bag because everybody's into it. And those that ain't into it, is gonna get into it. **FTVG**

A perfect answer to a moronic question.

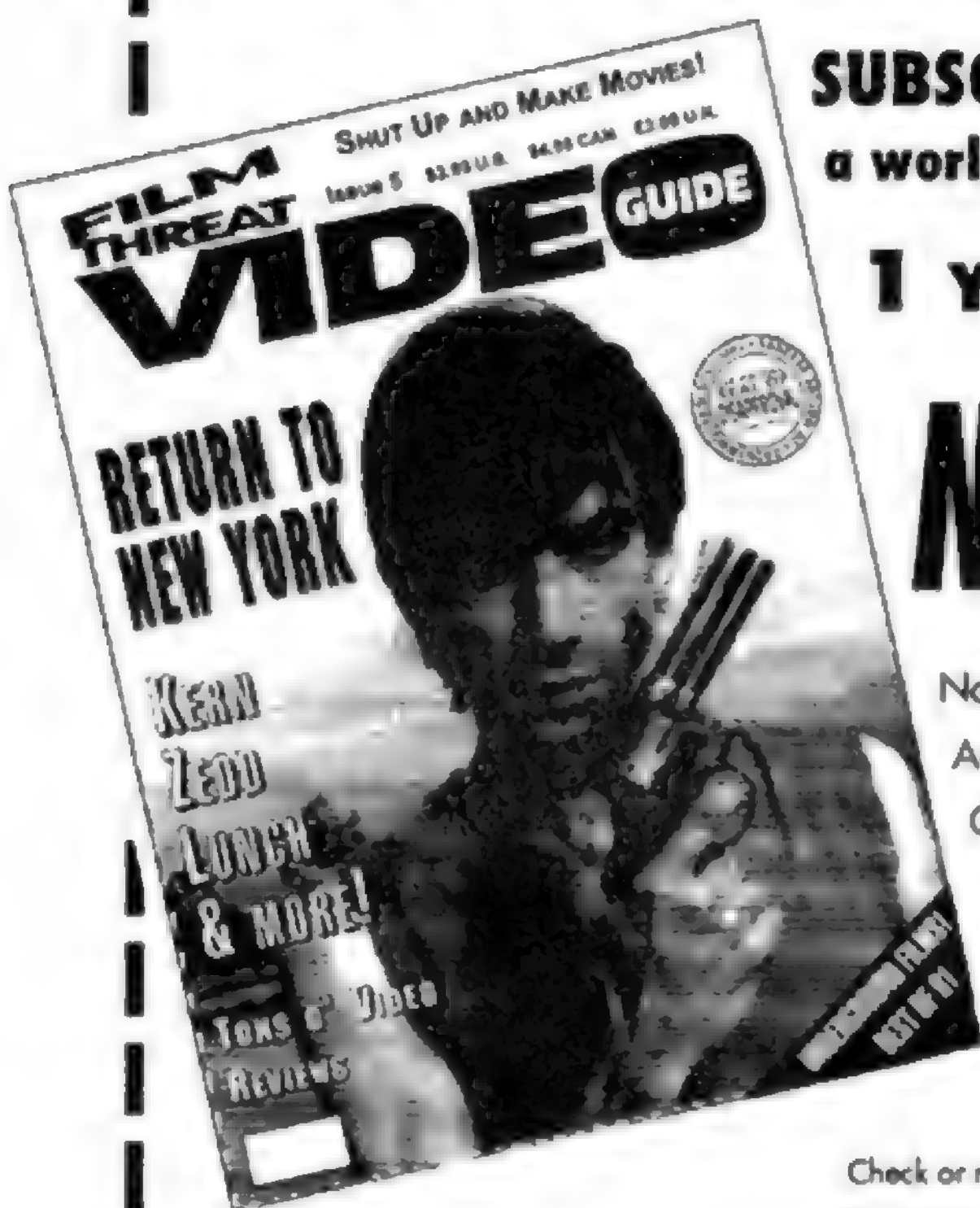
You can contact Rudy Ray Moore at PO Box 11591, Los Angeles, CA 90011





# **THE SOURCE FOR UNUSUAL VIDEOS!**

## **SUBSCRIBE!**



**SUBSCRIBE to FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE and discover a world of video unexplored by other magazines!**

**1 YEAR, 4 ISSUES, ONLY \$12.00!**

**NO!**

I'm not confused! Send me FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE so I can read all the shit that FILM THREAT doesn't have the balls to print. I'll save 25% off the cover price. That's like getting one issue FREE!

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

☐ Payment Enclosed    Charge My: ☐ Visa ☐ MC ☐ AMEX

#  Exp.

Signature

Check or money order payable to FILM THREAT VIDEO. Foreign and Canadian orders add \$10.00 per year. (U.S. Funds only.) Your first issue will arrive in 8-10 weeks. Offer expires February 29, 1992.

**FTVG Subscriptions, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170**

FTVG-4-91



# BUSTED!

**DEEP RED magazine editor CHAS BALUN is caught bootlegging videos—stealing from the very filmmakers he claims to support.**

By David E. Williams

**A**FTER SLAGGING Donald Farmer of Mondo Video for being a lowlife bootlegger in last issue, I knew I was taking on something big. Unfortunately though, I never realized how far this piracy plague had wormed it's way into even the strongholds of subversive film.

I'm talking about Chas Balun, the editor of *Deep Red* magazine, whose video thievery is far more reprehensible than that of your average bootlegger.

He at least *seemed* to be one of us.

With *Deep Red*, Balun was a champion of horror films, promoting them as a stepchild genre that is ignored and ghettoized by the mainstream. He *appeared* to be a modern day Forrest J.

Ackerman—consumed by his love for the genre.

Obviously this was just a lie.

Dario Argento.

George Romero.

Lucio Fulci.

Balun viciously stabs these filmmakers in the back by pirating their legally available work and selling it for his personal profit.

NOT to "promote" the film.

NOT to "help" the filmmakers.

BUT TO HAVE THE CASH SO HE CAN BUY ENOUGH POT TO LAST THROUGH THE WEEKEND.



**The paunchy Chas Balun—Will anyone in Horror ever trust this man again?**

Balun is, for \$18.95 a tape, grinning as he fucks these people over.

**A**nother case in point: Jorg Buttgerit's *Nekromantik*. This film is not going to make millions of dollars and line the fat pockets of Paramount or Universal. Instead, a tiny independent like Buttgerit is financially crippled by scumbags like Chas. What a fucking shock it was to find that Balun, who would publish an 8 page interview/article with Jorg promoting the film, would turn around and rip him off.

Would it be a little more obvious if Chas wedged his fat ass through an apartment window and robbed Jorg while he was asleep? Or maybe just mug him in a dark alley? Would that make it more clear that Balun is a lowly thief?

Making a dupe for a friend, or yourself, is one thing, but Balun's organized, advertised and systematic thievery operates on a level that virtually destroys the hardcore splatter video market.

To the idiots who steadfastly say "but everyone does it," ask yourself why anyone should spend the time and money to release a film legally when they know their market has been co-opted by pirates? Ask yourself that when you squint your way through a 10th generation bootleg.

**T**rust me, if everyone refused to buy shitty product, honest capitalism would kick in and such difficult-to-find gore classics as *Cannibal Holocaust* would be legally released. But until then, every dollar that goes to scumbag pirates like Balun will mean another day that *you'll* have to suffer with shitty quality. **[FTVG]**



(All new video)  
 (WARNING) Heavy nudity.  
 "ROLL WITH THE PROS"  
 \$39 \$2 shipping  
 VISA MasterCard  
 NEW!

# INK UP

and

# PIERCE OUT

**INK UP and PIERCE OUT**  
 Featuring:  
 All new video footage  
 Pittsburgh '91" The biggest array  
 of body piercing and tattoos to date.  
 "Hot Music and Hot Bodies!"  
 (75 minutes)  
 ROY BOY'S PLACE  
 3849 Broadway  
 Gary, IN 46409  
 (219) 884-4965

## 4 TECHGNOSIS

60min/video  
 Anothemath Prods.

With video effects that overpower a weak script, Joshua Seaver's video is impressively boring. Stemming from the technophobic attitudes that inspire most films of this nature, *Techgnosis* takes the really cool idea of "virtual reality" and goes nowhere slow with it.

Virtual reality, the same idea at the root of *Total Recall*, is essentially the creation of an alternative reality created through three-dimensional computer imaging, and is the latest obsession of drug-addict-turned-computer-geek Timothy Leary and many others.

This film suffers most

either prefers weirdness over technical polish, just loves zombie movies or likes to get high before popping in a video. If nothing else, this tape at least succeeds quite a few times on what Harlan Ellison referred to as "a gross-out level", dishing up bloody chunks of disintegrating zombie faces and close-ups of chewing, spewing severed limbs. A self-declared homage to George Romero, this video offers its share of cannibalism and enough goofy laughs to make it worthy of its genre. Given the recent happenings in Milwaukee, *Zombie Party* has even become somewhat timely, I suppose. Its technical shortcomings are too numerous to list, but for true fans of the genre,

from a more-than-feature-length idea done in a short film. However, Seaver shouldn't be faulted for lofty ambitions. He does achieve a real moody feeling and some surprisingly cool-looking and innovative video effects. This would probably be a good tape for anyone too cheap to buy drugs

—C.S.

## ZOMBIE PARTY

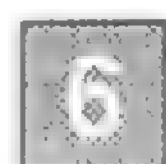
45min/16mm



The right tape for anyone who

*Zombie Party's* bizarre cleverness is enough to keep things moving while co-directors Rodd Matsui, Scott Tanaka and Samuel Oldham mix up some more skin, guts, and blood. Warning the public of the occurring zombie infestation, newsman "Dan Rathernot" from EZTV reports of "tips just in from Dr. Joyce Brothers on how to deal with your new life among the undead": wear a sweater because your body temperature will drop drastically after death, buy some good tennis shoes because you'll be doing a lot of walking around with your arms outstretched, etc... Cheesy, but funny. The makeup effects are low budget but still mighty gross, and the script is loose enough and light enough to somewhat disguise the weak performances. An enjoyable hour of extremely low-budget weirdness, *Zombie Party* is the right snack for those 2a.m. weekend munchies

—C.S.



## WAKE UP & DIE!

50min/Super 8  
 Kooky Kooky Circus Prods

This screwball, San Francisco-style, bohemian comedy is pretty funny, but not for (some? most?) of the reasons the filmmakers intended.

The yucks begin when a whining, post-punk chick is paid a visit by her prissy sister who begs, "Please, come home!" Fortunately for the plot, she doesn't. After our whiner offs some dork, she drugs prissy sis and swaps identities to cover her tracks. Pocked with loony cabaret singers,

covert Ecstasy usage and enough homespun wackiness to make even me laugh in places, this tale of two sisters sorta works.

Okay, so while this ain't Shakespeare (but who wants that?), this flick made me laugh. So sue me.

Director Darwin Bell mentioned that this is his first (almost) feature-length Super 8 flick, making me figure that *Wake up & Die!* could be a sign of better things to come. With any luck, Bell and his S.F. zanies will at least encourage other Bay Area filmmakers to follow his lead.

—R..Y.



## THE KILLING FLOOR

7min/16mm/B&W  
 Moses Prods.

No, the floor does not actually kill. Instead, a guy who sweeps the floor at a meat packing plant sees the seemingly endless gutting of pigs at work and their blood on the floor. Then, at home while eating dinner, he sees Indians being scalped on TV. So he is, of course, compelled to go out and kill a girl and use her blood for war paint. Just when you think you've heard this story before, you find out he's only making a movie about killing a girl, but more clever yet, someone is filming them making a film. Luckily, this madcap comedy is only a grueling 7 minutes long.

—M.W.


(I'll tell you, this flick almost made me puke. While the best gore FX goes on with their droopy rubber toys, nothing will make you sicker than the real thing—Ed.)



WATCHWATCHWATCHWATCHWATCH


# OUT ON ATAVISTIC:

**VIDEO:**



Amphetamine Reptile's  
"Dope, Guns and F\*cking"  
Videocompilation

**WAX:**



Flaming Lips  
"Unconsciously Screamin" EP  
ISSUED UNDER EXCLUSIVE LICENSE  
FROM RESTLESS RECORDS,  
CULVER CITY, CA.

Coming Soon: Twelve O'clock High Volume II Videocompilation/  
Flying Nun's "In Love With These Times" Videocompilation/  
Various Artists "Out of Their Mouths" 7" Box

ATAVISTIC  
VIDEO  
PO BOX 578266  
CHICAGO, IL  
60657-8266

LISTENLISTENLISTENLISTENLISTENLISTEN

2

## ROCK N ROLL L.A.

60min/Video

(Of unknown origin, this tape was found in a box after a recent office cleaning. We hope someone will claim it...)

Are you serious?

Someone is actually selling this thing? This has to be one of the worst tapes I have ever seen. In truth, it covers about 1/10 of the L.A. music scene and it's the lamest tenth at that. If you like bands that spell their names wrong (FRIENDZY, MAD-DHOUSE), and look like Poison wannabes, then maybe you'd get off on this.

The tape includes interviews with bands who say really original things like, "Hide you daughters cuz we're in town!" Also, a total asshole host; a couple of shots of disease-ridden bimbos; an interview with the since deceased Godfather of Pay-To-Play Rock 'N' Roll, Bill

Gazzarri, who says he discovered Warrant (How can we ever thank him?); and a talk with some geek named Al the Limoman, who says he's "been a musician for fifteen years, but never considered getting into music."

Check out Penelope Spheeris' *The Decline of Western Civilization Part 2* if you want to know about poofy, pretty-boy, heavy-metal wanna-bes, and steer clear of this thing.

-D.P

4

## THE GOOD SAMARITAN

12min/Video

No Money Enterprises

Intrepid vidiot Dave Palamaro is at it again with his Hi-8 handycam. Oh boy!

The story? An average Joe picks up three annoying hitchhikers, only to become so pissed that he kills them all. Then, his car breaks down.

Hitchhiking, he gets picked up and...okay, so you guessed? That's right, and Rod Serling is spinning in his grave right now. Little did he know that we would all later blame *Twilight Zone* for inspiring such sop.

Dave, I know you're out there...next time, try to spend a little more time on the film a less on the endless titles sequence.

-R.Y.

3

## A SUBJECT OF COLOR

12min/16mm/B&W

erika-lynn Prods.

As a commentary on race relations, this pic obviously has good intentions, but fails to rise to the occasion.

The basic story?

She's black, he's white and they're in love, much to the dismay of their bigoted friends.

So what we're talking about is Spike Lee's *Jungle Fever* compressed into 10 minutes (plus 2.5 of cred-

its) but without Wesley Snipes, Anabella Sciorra and the groovy Stevie Wonder soundtrack. In short, without the good parts.

Costars Michael J. Carnevale and Anita Outlaw are fine in their roles as the progressive couple, but director Dan Karpf should have realized that the subject of interracial relations can't be glossed over or treated as a snappy way to add spice to an otherwise lackluster effort.

-R.Y.

## ZINES

### X THE VARIABLE



### X-THE VARIABLE

PO Box 16037

Chicago, IL 60616

Editor: Icepick Tobias

Probably the best underground xerox rag I have ever read, *X the V* is a hilarious blend of surreal humor and utter nonsequitur idiosyncrasy which will make some (like me) laugh, but make others (like everyone else here) confused and angry.

Shunning such magazine conventions as thematic coherence, formatted departments and printing their writer's real names, this twentysomething gen-



C E L L U L O I D

# NIGHTMARE

If your brain is sufficiently disturbed and your appetite for the macabre is all but impossible to satisfy, then you may be ready to experience **UNDERGROUND VIDEO**. We're looking for a few good men with a taste for the EXOTIC, the EROTIC and the TOTALLY DERANGED. If you think you qualify, you are cordially invited to part with enough of your hard-earned money to find out the whole sordid story. We have uncut, uncensored, original theatrical versions of UNDERGROUND VIDEOS from the four corners of the world. IF YOU'VE GOT THE DRIVE, THE GUTS AND THE MONEY, WE ARE YOUR WILDEST DREAMS COME TRUE. Send your order directly to our very own VIDEO SCREAM QUEEN Ariana (pictured right) and she'll send you enough SLEAZE VIDEO INFORMATION to start you frothing at the mouth.



## UNDERGROUND

☐ NO, leave me alone with my reruns of 'Petticoat Junction'.

☐ YES, I'm ready. Bathe me in Bizarre. I've enclosed \$5.00 for your promissory and erotically illustrated catalog.

☐ YES, YES, YES. I want to pledge my heart and soul to beautiful Ariana and save her from her torment. Take my money. Submerge me in sleaze! I can take it! Here's my \$25.00. Rush me your stunningly sexy and sleazy one hour sampler video. (I also included \$4.00 P&H).

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

"FOR ADULTS ONLY PLEASE"

## UNDERGROUND

P.O. BOX 34070 DEPT. F-T1 L.A. CA. 90034

VIDEO EQUIPMENT 1-800-846-6660

VISA/MASTERCARD ACCEPTED



# 10 YEARS FROM NOW, YOU MIGHT READ ABOUT THIS FILM IN: *PSYCHOTRONIC*



A serious young writer named Barton Fink (John Turturro, left) lands in big trouble when he's hired by Jack Lipnick (Michael Lerner, right), a movie mogul who seems to have great respect for writers in **Barton Fink**, that crazy comedy about Hollywood!

Hey, aren't Joel and Ethan Coen weird?!

(FTV6)

eration mag is one that lives up to its own challenge: i.e. defy definition.

Unfortunately though, like the (formerly funny) *National Lampoon of yesteryear*, *X the V* attempts humor on such a broad scale that their all-inclusive editorial style forces the reader to actually read—serious detriment in today's illiterate-aimed periodical market dominated by high-gloss, photo heavy glitz fests.

Send any amount of money (but at least a buck), and I'm sure the nameless forces behind *X the V* will award you with an issue.

—D.E.W.

## BANG

77 Newburn Ave.  
Medford, MA 02155  
Editor: Rocco Cipollone

As a full throttle media mag that has the inclination and ability to incorporate music, movies and general entertainment tidbits into a pop culture grab bag, *Bang* manages to

cover semi-mainstream matter without losing contact with its subculture roots. Could it be the punky layout? Porn star pinups? Or is it the cheap printing? As John Lydon used to say, "Just buy it."

—R.Y.



## A STREAM OF SEMI- CONSCIOUSNESS

PO Box 176  
Lafayette, IN 47902  
Editor: Vic Stanley

An oblique fanzine of the most rudimentary means, editor (and now only *somewhat* faithful FT reader) Vic Stanley's one-man mag is an odd collec-

tion that reads more like a collection of story *ideas* than an actual publication. Though not guilty of lingering on subculture faves like pro wrestling, slasher films and *Star Trek*, Stanley skirts the topics with such pieces as "Pro Wrestling And the Occult" and "Why Star Trek is More Subversive Than Slasher Films." Hmmm, kinda obvious don't cha think?

Fortunately, Stanley's somnambulist persona keeps such topics from straying outside the tolerable range, giving the mag more of a whimsical than fannish tone.

Issue #2 should be done by now, so I'd encourage one and all to get in on the fun before he sells out by publishing illustrations, photos or celebrity death parodies.

—R.Y.

## XINEMA POBRESA

PO Box 105  
Brandon, FL 33509  
Editor: Anthony Torres

A self-proclaimed "film

magazine," this collection of rants reminds me of the earlier, funnier issues of *FILM THREAT* before Chris Gore sold out, moved to Beverly Hills and went mainstream.

## xinema pobresa

a film magazine



Issue number

## sick SIX sick

Editor Anthony Torres, hopelessly mired in the stinking bog that IS Florida, offers plenty of attitude. On *Terminator 2*: "Not as suspenseful as the first film, but you get what you pay for." On Hollywood: "...has existed for way too many years without an original idea."

Get the point?

Torres is a *rebel*.

A stuck-in-Florida-without-a-prayer-*rebel*, but a rebel nonetheless. With any luck, he'll be offered a big fat contract with a big fat publishing company so he can sell out too.

—R.Y.

## SERIAL KILLER

The Board Game of the 90s

Made by  
Tobias Allen & Jill Herman

Drunk one Saturday night, myself and two friends began to play *Serial Killer*. I have always been a fan of mass murderers because they do what every "normal" person only thinks about—kill. How many times have you want-



# SUBMIT TO US!

If you want to be reviewed within our friendly pages, send your stuff to :



P.O. Box 3170  
Los Angeles, CA  
90078-3170

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY, STATE, ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

CIRCLE ONE: VIDEO MAGAZINE RECORD COMIC OTHER \_\_\_\_\_

TITLE: \_\_\_\_\_

ORIGINAL FORMAT: VIDEO: VHS 8 mm 3/4in

(Circle where appropriate)

FILM: Super 8 16mm 35mm

B&W OR COLOR? Running time: \_\_\_\_\_ Price: \_\_\_\_\_

Description: \_\_\_\_\_

- ☐ Call me nuts, but I want to be distributed by FILM THREAT VIDEO!
- ☐ Everyone says I'm cheap, so send me your ad rates as soon as possible!



ed to murder your parents? Your boss? Your girlfriend or mate? A friend who double-crossed you? Believe me, if you are "normal", you have only "thought" about killing, but what is it that separates serial killers who actually commit this crime from us everyday folks? Therein lies the public's fascination and my own personal obsession. I could go on and on about how taking a life is the closest thing to playing God but that would get boring and after all, we're talking about a game here.

This fun-filled game, which comes in a realistic body bag, consists of a map of the United States (states with no death penalty are colored orange), bodies, money, and crime cards, outcome cards and penalty

cards. The money has photos of Ted Bundy, David Berkowitz and Wayne Williams on them. The point is to travel around the country and collect as many bodies as possible and not get caught. First you roll the dice and move your "killer," then take a crime card. The cards will have a rating—high, medium or low risk, the risk is

worth 3, 2 and 1 bodies, respectively. The crime cards themselves are hilarious: *A family picnic in a secluded park. Isn't that cute? Not to you! From the 5th floor of this building you have a great sniping spot, but escape will be hard. Offer these hungry kids some candy and they're putty in your hands.* You then choose an outcome card that tells you

whether you succeeded in committing your heinous crime. A guaranteed good and sick time will be had by all. This will become a collector's item so buy it fast. (Believe me, I'm not getting any money to say any of this, I had to buy the game myself.)

—C.G.

(It was totally cool!—Ed.)

**For more info on items reviewed in  
SCAN, turn to the classified section.  
(Page 88)**

Photo by Tom Greenwood



## DON'T SHOOT THE BIRDS!

# Subscribe to YOUR FLESH

### YOUR FLESH

Four Issue Scripts \$10.00  
(\$20.00 Overseas)

Back Issues, #'s 10 - 18

Except # 15 - Sold Out

Available in Extremely  
Limited Numbers

\$5.00 each (\$7.00) Overseas

YOUR FLESH T-Shirts  
available now!

Features original art by  
Peter Bagge

from issue # 16's Cover

FULL COLOR DESIGN!

Also features new

Chainsaw logo on the back

100% Cotton—\$15.00 (\$20.00) Overseas

Please Specify Lg. or X-Lg.

All Mailorders include first class postage  
Minnesota Residents please add 6.5% sales tax  
(Checks must be made payable to Peter Davis)





# A SCOT ON THE ROCKS

*On the 45th Edinburgh Filmfest: I'd rather have a full bottle in front of me than a full celluloid lobotomy.*

by Graham Rae

THE EDINBURGH FILMFEST takes place, as you might have guessed, in Scotland's esteemed capital city. August is the time of year when, for some reason, the city fathers deem it necessary to bombard their citizens with manifold variations on the old "Culture" theme—to this end the city has a film festival, a book festival, and a festival that encompasses every other form of art under the sun. Everything from a punk circus (Archaos) to stand-up comedians and gallery exhibitions where pretentious artists from every corner of the globe can slobber sycophantically over each other's work and pretend to be the Next Big Thing are present and correct. I normally try to avoid festival presentations, finding them overpriced and underwhelming, but I religiously visit the film festival every year.

The Scottish have never taken a back seat when it comes to spawning kooks, loons, crazies and mass murderers—this is, after all, the country that brought you the Sawney Bean cannibal clan (a killer inbred clan of 33 who lived in a seaside cave and who murdered and ate passers by—*The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* was loosely based on their exploits!). But these great achievements never seem to get press at festival time, for some reason—probably in a bid not to scare tourists away. What a shame.

Confused-looking American tourists abound ("Goddamn it honey, you



The Fest logo: looks like a beer ad to me.

mean these fuckin' Scots ain't even got a Taco Bell or Domino's Pizza?"), wielding maps and having shoving matches with well-dressed groups of Japanese tourists to be first to photograph anything that looks even vaguely archaic or historic. A word to the prospective visitor looking for directions—on a festival day, there's a 90% chance that the person you stop to ask in the street will be from any other country in the world except Scotland. And if by your own misfortune you ask me, you'll soon find yourself several miles from your destination—that's the kind of guy I am. I just love handing out dud directions.

Past trips to the Edinburgh Filmfest have yielded some notable experiences for me. Memories of myself and a friend being called "sick bastards" by the people sitting behind us after applauding Gage being hit by the truck in *Pet Semetary* (1989 festival). Of driving at over 100 miles an hour to see *Toxic Avenger 3* and missing all the gore at the start (1990). And of being accosted in broad daylight on Princes Street by a nutter claiming to have a knife and asking drunkenly if myself and two friends wanted to meet "the man with 1,000 stitches." (we didn't and ran like fuck—1987).

I finally managed to get a hold of a copy of the fest program and breathlessly turned to the "late-night specials" page to see what sleaze they intended to assail us with for £4.50 (nine bucks!) a throw. The problem with the Edinburgh Filmfest (and with other festivals, no doubt) is this: 98% of the films on display are totally unredeemable shit, the kind of stuff that sends any serious film critic straight to the bog (*toilet* to you!) for a bit of instant hand relief. I mean, just listen to this for a synopsis taken totally at random: "A 30-year old Polish intellectual finds himself lost after his participation in solidarity achieves the downfall of Communism." Doesn't that sound like something you'd just kill to see? But there is some hope, otherwise I'd have given up on the festival years ago. Very, very occasionally





Peter Jackson's *MEET THE FEEBLES*: even muppets fuck.

there are vaguely interesting films on during the day, and come 11:15 p.m. it's time for the late-night specials to assume control at the Filmhouse in Lothian Road, Edinburgh's best cinema. And this year's selection was as eclectic as ever. Thank fuck. A strange brew of mainstream, semi-mainstream and absolute fucking obscurity. And to which films am I referring? You'll see...

**TUESDAY, AUGUST 13TH.** I have three hours to kill before I take in my first festival film, and to this end I steal a copy of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* from a bookshop (best fuckin' book ever written) and read it straight through from cover to cover for the twentieth time. By the time I am finished it's time to break my 1991 Filmfest cherry.

#### **PARIS TROUT** (1991, USA)

Directed by Stephen Gyllenhaal.  
Starring Dennis Hopper (the well-dressed man!), Ed Harris, Barbara Hershey.

Set in the American deep South, Dennis plays the titular character, a mean man who lends money to local

blacks (oh shit, is it politically sound to still use that word?) at high interest levels. When he sells a young black a clapped-out car, the young man tries to renege on the deal when he realizes he has been duped, only Trout isn't having any of that. He goes over to the man's home and, in an ensuing scuffle, kills the young man's kid sister and badly wounds her mother. Trout is an evil racist bastard, y'see, and even when he's on trial he still can't see what's wrong with killing a black kid. This was an unusually restrained performance from Hopper, but his quiet manner only accentuates his sick and sleazy acts of brutality against those he comes across—there's a shocking bottle-rape scene against Barbara Hershey that had all the females in the audience squealing and crossing their legs empathetically.

**THURSDAY, AUGUST 15TH.** I would have been going to see *Revenge of Billy the Kid* tonight, but it has been pulled at the last moment and replaced with some limp sounding comedy. *Revenge* isn't a Western though, it's a sleazy tale about a half-man, half-goat hybrid that results when horny farmer Giles fucks one of

his farmyard stock. The film has been in production for four fucking years, and I wonder if it'll *ever* be finished.

#### **FRIDAY, AUGUST 16TH.**

Through a happy set of circumstances, I run into the editor at *Shock!* magazine, Ian Dobson, and it seems I can get my grubby little paws on a press pass. The night starts out well enough—a few pints at Elliot's in Falkirk, then off to the off-license for a couple of cans of Stella Artois (a fuckin' great beer—you Yanks don't know what you're missing!) for the train. I stumble half-shitfaced into the Filmhouse with 10 minutes to spare and ask about my press pass, only to find out the press desk is shut and the showing of *Little Devil* is sold out!

#### **SATURDAY, AUGUST 17TH.**

I arrive and the press desk is at least open, but I have made a blunder: even though I get a real press pass I find out it is only valid until 6 p.m. (bastards!) and every showing after that time has to be paid for, pass or not. Shit. This means that the fucking pass is effectively useless to me, because I don't want to see anything



*My LOVELY MONSTER*: a time waster?



that's on before six. I find myself at the Filmhouse again several hours later (the third time in 24 hours!) for yet another late-night showing. No alcohol this time, though, I'm driving (I abide by the old unwritten law: "Don't drink and drive-You'll spill it!").

### MEET THE FEEBLES

(1990, New Zealand)  
Directed by Peter Jackson.  
Starring: a plethora of pulsatingly perverse puppets.

This film is a classic. Peter Jackson, director of the sanguinary spillage epic *Bad Taste*, has created a puppet film that goes way beyond mere tastlessness. The lives, loves, perversions, desires and gory demises of a theatre full of sleazy puppets is documented in best "fly-on-the-wall" style (and indeed there is a fly in this film, a shit-eating journo named Blowfly who makes up stories about the cast), until everything culminates in the "Feebles Variety Massacre." Along the way we have coprophillia, nasal sex, panty-sniffing, flagellation, inter-species breeding, a segment parodying films that exploit the Vietnam War, porno movie-making, copious quantities of spilled rabbit-spunk and drug deals. Not the usual boring puppet shit. Apparently Jim Henson's daughter saw the film and reacted "with a great deal of shock" to a scene that has Harry Hare clutching a cross with Kermit the Frog nailed to it. I wonder why she was offended?

SUNDAY, AUGUST 18TH. I make my way to the Filmhouse and sit reading a *Freak Brothers* comic. The director introduces the film as being "for children of 8 1/2 to 85." Oh shit, I wish they wouldn't say disheartening stuff like that. I stifle an urge to scream and sit down to view:

### MY LOVELY MONSTER

(1990, Germany)  
Directed by Michael Bergmann.



SGT. KABUKIMAN: a good, PG-13 Troma pic? (Deja vu!)


Starring Forrest J. Ackerman, Silvio Francesco.

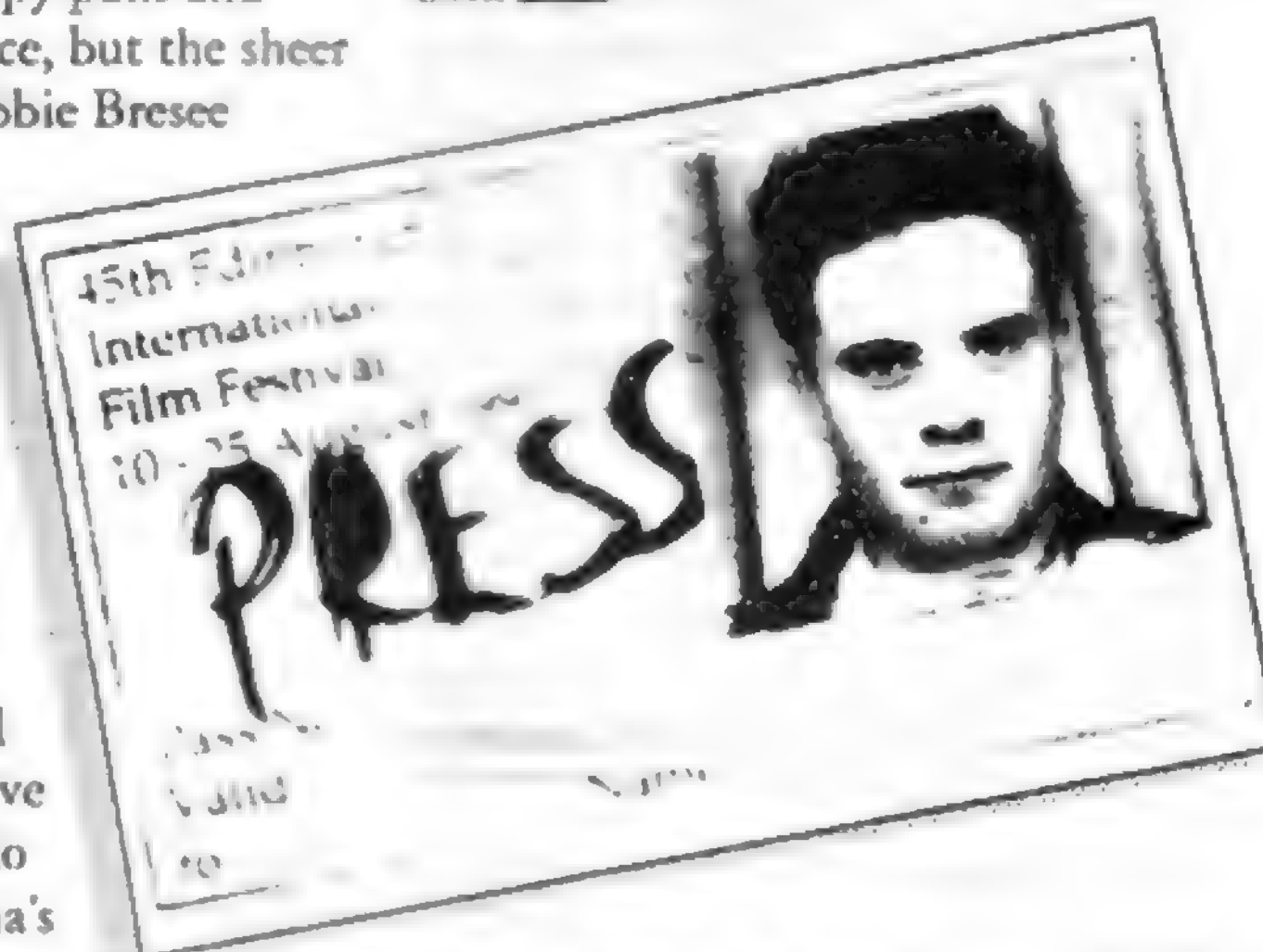
Talk about risk-taking: this is a German film with English subtitles, with Forrest Ackerman, made by a former pizza delivery guy! Insurmountable obstacles, you might think, but somehow Bergmann manages to overcome them. I don't know if wondering if I'm going to get home alive with bad brakes puts me in a somewhat forgiving, philanthropic mood, but I find the film a decent enough time-waster, and I don't hate it as much as I thought I would. I still detest Ackerman's crappy puns and zombie-like performance, but the sheer surreality of seeing Bobbie Bresee dubbed into German and then subtitled into English almost makes up for it (not that I'm a Bresee fan or anything, mind you).

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24. I'm still so impoverished that I've got nothing better to do than go and view Troma's latest celluloid travesty.

### SGT. KABUKIMAN NYPD

(1991, USA)  
Well, I have to admit it, I was mighty skeptical; a PG-13 from the usual hard-liners at New York's finest film company? Could be dodgy... so I sat down and waited. A butch man in long, blond Marilyn Monroe-style wig came on and butchered two kids and their father with a sword, then threw an almost naked woman out of a window several stories up, only for her to land on a greedy yuppie who had been boasting only moments before of taking back-handers in a corporate take-over! Yes, Troma was back in form again, to be sure. And how! I even stayed to watch the end credits for the concealed jokes. Heady fare, and a film that ended the festival for me on a decidedly upbeat note. KA-BU-KEE-MAN!!!

If any of you Americans are thinking about paying a visit to the birthplace of your ancestors, you could do worse than arrive during the festival—there's always something going on, somebody new to meet. But whatever you do, if you meet a suspicious looking character in a *Taxi Driver* T-shirt and clutching a can of Stella, give him a wide berth and for shit's sake don't ask him for directions. You know the consequences if you do... 



On the dole in Scotland, Graham's hobbies include calling me long distance and beer.



CARL J. SUKENICK'S

# 'MUTANT MASSACRE'

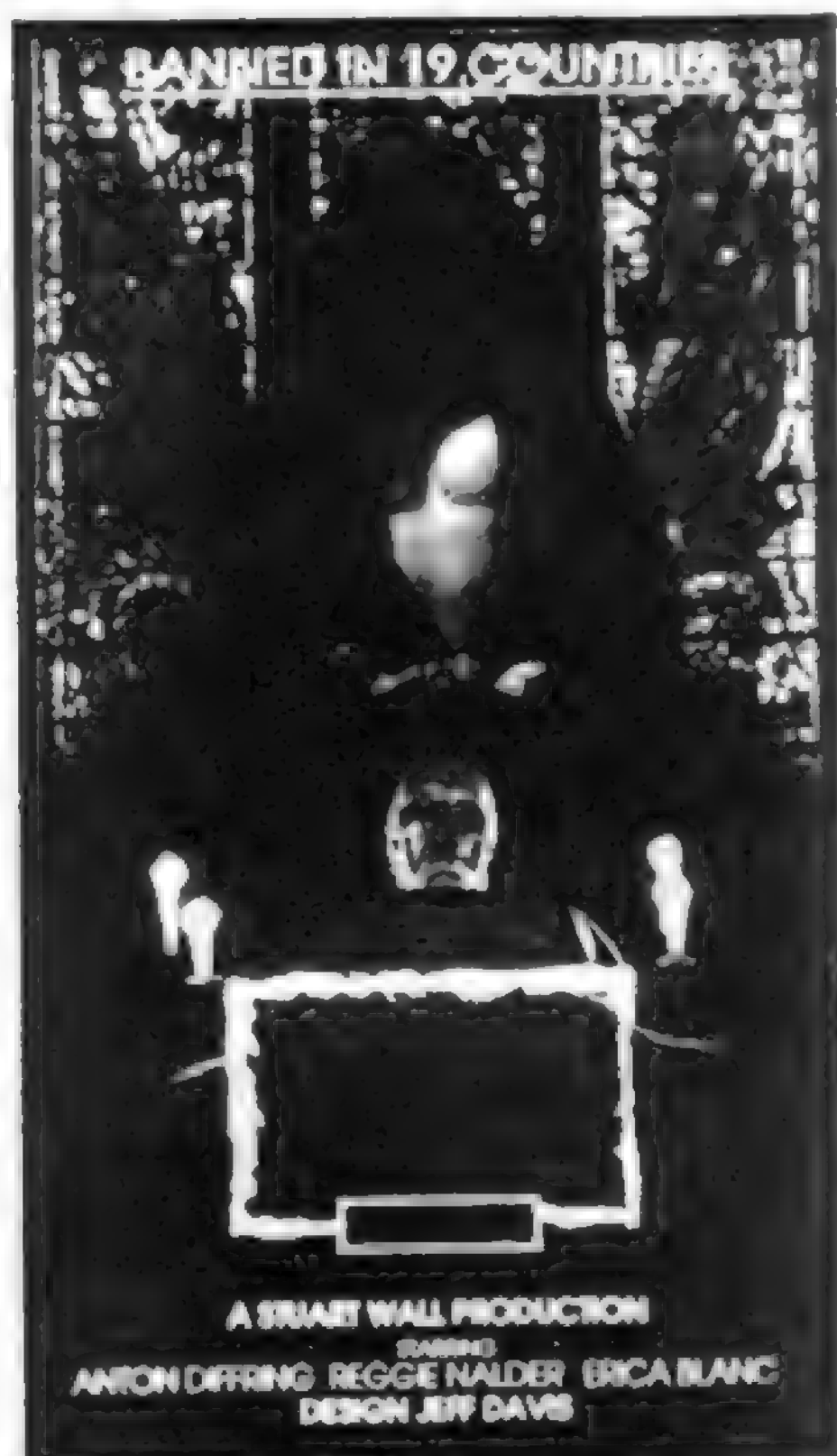


## 2

C.J.S. Films  
P.O. Box 20013  
New York, NY  
10011-9993

WARNING:  
BLOOD  
VIOLENCE  
NUDITY

# \$29.95



## SEE- MORE VIDEO DISTRIBUTORS

# MARK OF THE DEVIL

### PART 2

RETAILS FOR 59.95  
YOUR COST 34.95

OR A 2 PACK FOR 60.00

JAPANESE  
ANIMATION

- GUNBUSTER II •
- APPLESEED •
- BUBLEGUM CRISIS •

34.95 EACH

ALSO FOR 20.00

- MONDO CANE
- MONDO CANE 2
- AFRICA BLOOD AND GUTS
- SLAVE TRADE IN  
THE WORLD TODAY
- CALIGULA - THE UNTOLD STORY

ALL FILMS COME IN  
ORIGINAL BOX ART

----- TO PLACE AN ORDER -----

MORE

CALL TOLL - FREE 1- 800 350- 6673 or 818 762- 6518







# SEEING RED

*You've heard the tape, now see the movie! The not so epic story behind CHRISTIAN GORE's attempt to adapt an influential underground classic to the screen.*

*Article and photos by David E. Williams*

**A**CTOR LAWRENCE Tierney (*Dillinger*, *Prizzi's Honor*, *Tough Guys Don't Dance*) likes ice cream, and for that reason, the third and final day of principal shooting on Christian Gore's upcoming film *Red* ground to a halt as producer Jonathan Hommel high tailed it to the store for a quart of vanilla. Meanwhile, the crew, made up of anyone foolish enough to consent to Gore's demonic directorial manner, took a much needed rest after 8 hours of problem plagued production.

The set, a cramped, crumbling, sleazy bar, was frighteningly realistic. Sadly, because it was an actual location. Yup, a real place located in the grimy center of Long Beach, California. The joint was a living hell that shouldn't even exist outside the Texas state lines, complete with two dozen 250lb, inebriated rednecks, a handful of women who seemed much too ugly to be hookers and a bartender who stopped the cameras on several occasions to complain that the shoot was chasing off his regulars.

**OPPOSITE: Lawrence Tierney lounges at the bar in *Red*.**



**Gore at his self-promoting best.**

Collapsed into a beat-up, over-stuffed chair, Tierney sat like a benevolent king on his golden throne—surveying the scene with a piercing squint as he waited for his frosty treat. A complete professional on the set, Tierney knows his character, lines and action inside and out and is ready at a moment's notice to assume his explosive role, a working knowledge of firearms and barroom brawling tactics adding depth to what could have been a one note depiction of the titular beleaguered bartender.

Then the vanilla ice cream arrived.

An hour later, the intrepid *Red* crew, including myself, stirred as a satisfied Tierney returned and the Von Stroheimesque Gore began barking orders under the hot lights...

Well, not really.

We were tired, the bar was a fucking dump and the women were pretty ugly, but, Gore wasn't barking orders.

It was actually more like this: As the star of the film, Tierney had the power to make this shoot a living hell. On the genuine upside, he also had the acting ability and sheer physical presence to make the film an underground classic. Gore knew it, the crew knew it, and, most importantly, Lawrence Tierney knew it.

As the (ahem!) director of photography on this production, I can assure you that between Tierney, the seedy bar locations, busty models and multiple camera snafus, this was probably the most difficult shoot I have ever dealt with. And this is my story.

Anyone familiar with Gore's campy, cartoon-like comedy *Ouch!*, his self-proclaimed "first watchable" film, will be surprised by his take on shooting *Red*.

Inspired by Chris Marker's 1963





Lawrence Tierney, as Red, goes into action with his trusty Louisville Slugger.

time-travel classic, *La Jette*, Gore is constructing much of the film from hundreds of 35mm still photographs that were taken during the shoot. Thusly, much of the film had to be shot first at 24 frames per second and then via my trusty Nikon. Barring camera, lighting, sound, performance, prop and other problems, I was faced with the fact that everything would take at least twice as long. If you know anything about filmmaking, then you know that actually means everything was sure to take TEN times longer. Oh, joy.

On the first day, low light situations, the burning glare from baby-oiled breasts, and the bleary haze of a bad hangover worked against me.

Shooting began at *Texas Chainsaw III* director Jeff Burr's house. He had sent his girlfriend out for the day (to shield her from Gore's warped sense of humor I suspect) and submitted to wearing a dress, saggy support stockings and nail polish. Jeff was playing Larry's wife. Oh, the humiliation. (Did I mention the overstuffed bra that made him look like Dolly Parton's ugly sister?)

Unfortunately, Larry wasn't tantalized in the least.

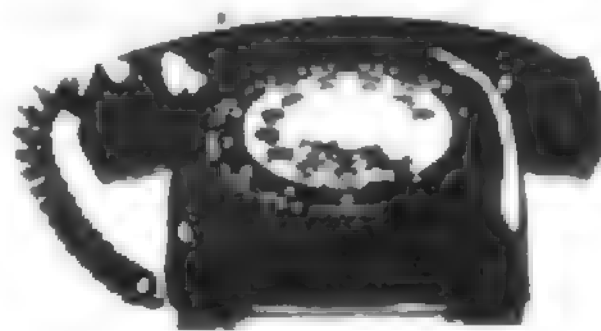
"Why does he have to play my wife?

Chris, why couldn't you get a woman at least?!" he bellowed with a distinctive grumble.

Consoling Larry soon became a full-time job for Chris.

Fortunately, things progressed well until the head-shaving scene. The bathroom was cramped and hot, light pouring from a 10,000 watt light that later turned out to be the most demonic device created by human hand.

"Chris, do all these people have to be in here while we're doin' this?" Larry asked for the third time.



**"Hey, can we get  
some quiet in  
here? Chris, shut  
those guys up!"  
-LAWRENCE TIERNEY**

As diplomatic as ever, Gore explained the situation and consoled his star. Tierney, though outspoken, was a true professional and put up with the hardship of having his peach fuzz trimmed by Burr, whose razor-wielding hand was noticeably shaky.

Breaking for lunch, a realization, though hardly a revelation, entered my mind. Gore was not really directing this film. In fact nobody was. Long considered a consummate manipulator and master of self-promotion, Gore was indeed in control of the shoot, but his methods relied more on the Hitchcockian delegation of authority theory than the more tried and true auteur-style "hands on" philosophy. Broken down, that means he was able to find the right people for the right job, set up the situation and let it happen.

"Roll camera, and action Larry!" Gore would call out hopefully, gesturing with a clutched hand.

At times, this method would fail, leaving Larry angrily confused and the camera wasting expensive film. However, due to the situation's inherent spontaneity, and the volatile formula of one part enraged actor, two parts exhausted crew and one part explosive material, Gore's plan would



# THE TWO FISTS OF LAWRENCE TIERNEY

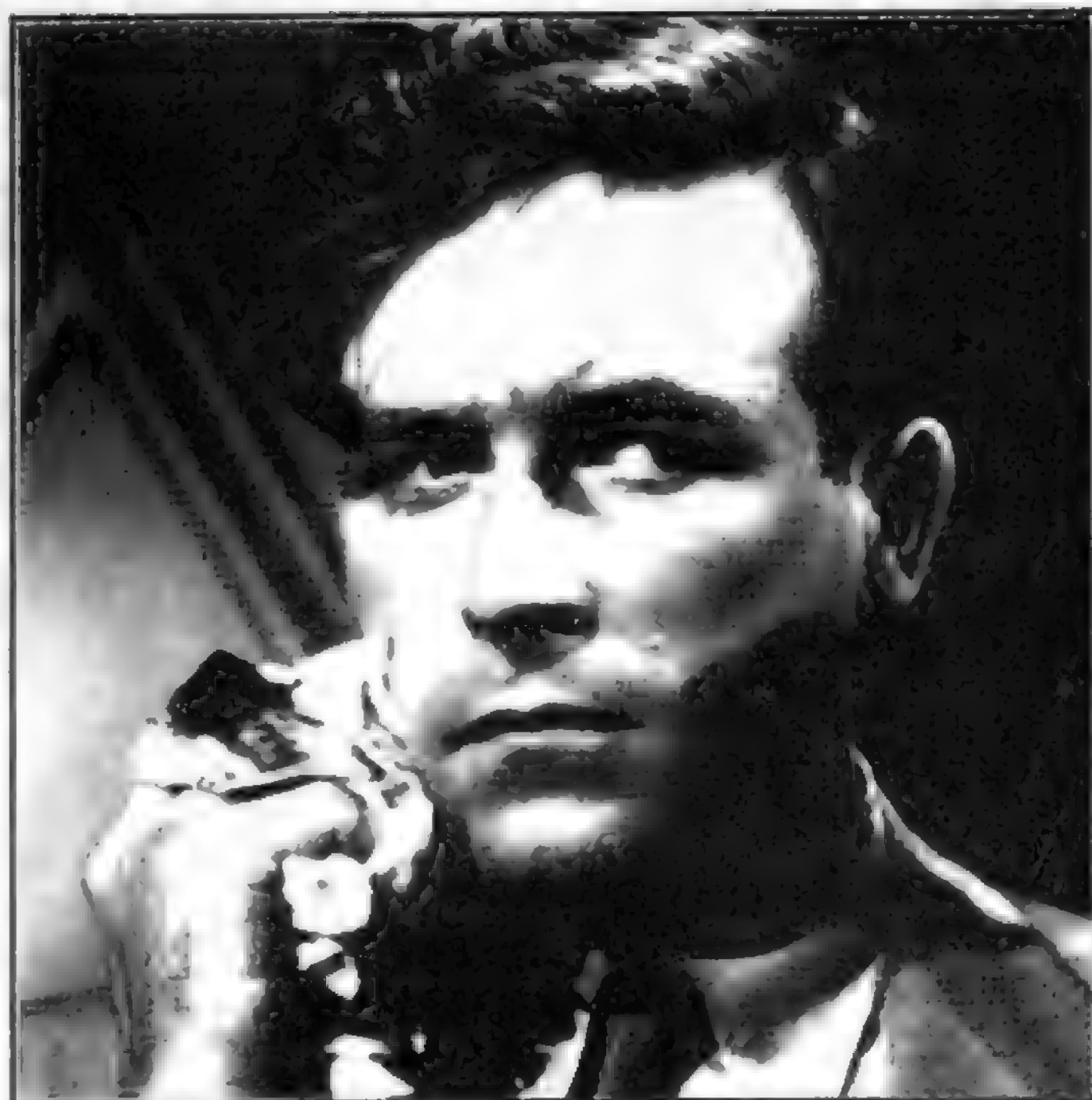
Lawrence Tierney was born March 15, 1919 in Brooklyn, New York. The older brother of future actor Scott Brady (aka Jerry Tierney), Larry attended Boys High School, where he played his first leading role—as a track and field star. His athletic prowess soon earned him a scholarship to Manhattan College, and a slot on the national champion cross country team with the New York Athletic Club. Meanwhile, Tierney's strapping good looks and brash manner also drew him to acting lessons, which resulted in a few stage appearances and an extensive modeling career.

At the tender age of 23, Larry made his way to wartime Hollywood, where he became a contract player for RKO Pictures. His first screen appearance was a bit part in legendary producer Val Lewton's atmospheric melodrama ***Ghost Ship*** (1943), directed by Mark Robson. After a string of small roles in forgettable films, Larry found himself making the rent with menial odd jobs while he and his agent searched for that big break.

That break came when Larry muscled his way into the lead role of the 1945 classic ***Dillinger***. This tough-guy, gangster role seemingly cast the die for the rest of Larry's career. Hitting the peak of his popularity during the height of Hollywood's Post-War noir period with such films as ***San Quentin***, ***Born To Kill*** and ***The Devil Thumbs A Ride***, Larry was almost invariably cast as either a murderer, a man accused of murder, or simply a man capable of murder. Soon, these on-screen character traits began to manifest themselves in real life, resulting in Larry's repeated, and often alcohol-fueled, brushes with the law.

Although Larry did some of his best work in his biggest films at this time, including Cecil B. DeMille's 1952 circus epic ***The Greatest Show On Earth***, his acting talent became eclipsed by a gruff personality and well-known short fuse. Larry was quickly relegated to more obscure films. The following years were often difficult and plagued with episodes of drinking and violence. However, Larry managed to continue working, appearing in exploitation pictures as well as the occasional John Cassavettes or Otto Preminger film.

The recent revival of Larry's screen career began in



Tierney starred in the 1947 film ***THE DEVIL THUMBS A RIDE*** as a dashing sociopath.



Larry clowns around with costar Harvey Keitel on the set of the upcoming ***RESERVOIR DOGS***.

1985, when he appeared in John Huston's comic mob romance ***Prizzi's Honor***. Since then, Hollywood has often turned to the veteran actor to fill roles as either gruff, aging gangsters or gruff, aging cops. Most recently, Larry completed parts in both Jeff Burr's Elvis-inspired comedy ***Eddie Presley*** and Quentin Tarantino's hardboiled gangster film, ***Reservoir Dogs***. Respectfully, writer/director Tarantino dedicated his script to Larry for his inspirational career. **[FTV]**



# WHAT AND WHO IS RED?

I was first introduced to the "Red" tape (also affectionately known as "The Tube Bar") in 1989 by my friend John Berado. Upon hearing it I laughed, but thought it was just a cute collection of phone pranks. Then I began endlessly, no, obsessively, quoting the tape—"Ya, Mutherfucker!"—and soon craved every piece of information about the guys who made it. Who was Red and where was he now? Berado had a lot of info and even a friend who trekked to the bar in New Jersey and took photos.



The Infamous tap room.

At the end of Prohibition, Louis "Red" Deutsch founded The Tube Bar in Jersey City, in 1933, naming his joint after the commuter train tunnels, or "tubes" that ran nearby. The establishment was simple and by some standards crude. The floor covered with sawdust, there were no tables, no food was served and only mixed drink customers were allowed at the bar. Beer drinkers were relegated to standing against a wall or convenient post. An instant hit with commuters looking for a quick drink before slogging off to work, the place did booming business until the early '70s, when a massive new train terminal opened nearby and customers became scarce. Rumor has it that Red sold the bar in 1980 and retired to Florida where the 93-year old barkeep died a peaceful death in 1983.

Red's voice gives the impression that he was one mean bastard, but that was only the half of it. According to one Tube Bar patron, Red was "tough, and he feared no one. He threw people out bodily on many occasions and I mean *bodily*. Red was a good person, but he didn't go for no shit."

Some anal retentive fans even dated the tape to 1978 because better recordings reveal a football score in the background that could be traced through sports history books. More and more information seems to slowly make it to the surface but no one really knows who made the tapes themselves.

After hearing the tape, I immediately wanted to make a film about The Tube Bar but it depended heavily on who would play the lead role of Red. Several months later I met Lawrence Tierney through a friend, Jeff Burr. I knew I had found my man. Larry is sort of a cross between Tor Johnson and Curly Joe of the Three Stooges, but has a personality all his own. After torturously long phone calls, lunches and meetings with Larry, he finally agreed to do the film. If I was to bring Red to the screen, it wasn't going to be some lame retelling of the calls with a stupid story no one cares about. I opted for a character study of Red, with sex, violence and the use of the actual recordings. Time and video sales will tell if I succeeded.

No one knows who made the original prank calls, but if I could shake their hands I would. **FTVG**

—Christian Gore

often inspire brilliance.

Looking back on his own directorial performance, Gore now remarks, "I was pretty disappointed by that part of the experience. I didn't get a chance to do any of the cool or fun stuff I wanted to do because I was too concerned with just keeping Larry from walking off the set or killing someone, with keeping the film, and the crew, alive."

Ironically, for all of our worrying, Tierney's well documented legal problems and violent tendencies failed to manifest themselves until after the shoot was over. Currently, the easily excited actor is facing serious charges for drunkenly discharging a firearm in his Hollywood apartment. While that may sound innocent enough to some, the nearly ventilated family in the adjacent dwelling found the event to be no laughing matter. Neither did Tierney's targets, namely Michael Tierney, his nephew, and an unidentified friend.

Tierney, who was chastised by his agent for taking the role of Red or (gasp!) even participating in the film, refused to be interviewed for this story. Press shy after being (as he sees it) humiliated in the pages of *Psychotronic* issue #8, wherein his arrest record was found to be longer than his filmography (and more prestigious), the actor responded to my inquiries by repeating "Where is Chris Gore? I want to talk to Chris Gore! I don't have nothing to say until I see the film!"

I suspect that Tierney, in light of his recently revived career (catch him in *City of Hope* and the upcoming *Reservoir Dogs*), is sorry he ever consented to star in *Red*, and that he's concerned that any "negative" publicity (such as this article) would hurt his chances of continuing this trend.

Obviously, we hope it won't.

During the second half of the day, we shot a pool side sequence which visualized Red's fantasies of becoming a millionaire and having two seriously stacked babes rub their judiciously oiled bodies all over his anticipating frame.

Much to Tierney's amusement, the scene was difficult to shoot, requiring take after take of the girls caressing his bald head with their barely covered



The merciless gang that may or may not be responsible for Red's telephonic torture.



Ron Zwang plays Al, the bartender.



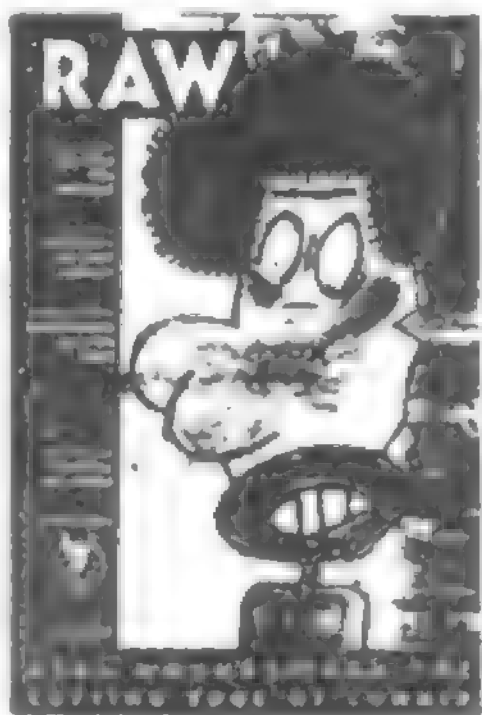
A victimized youth prepares to bite the curb.



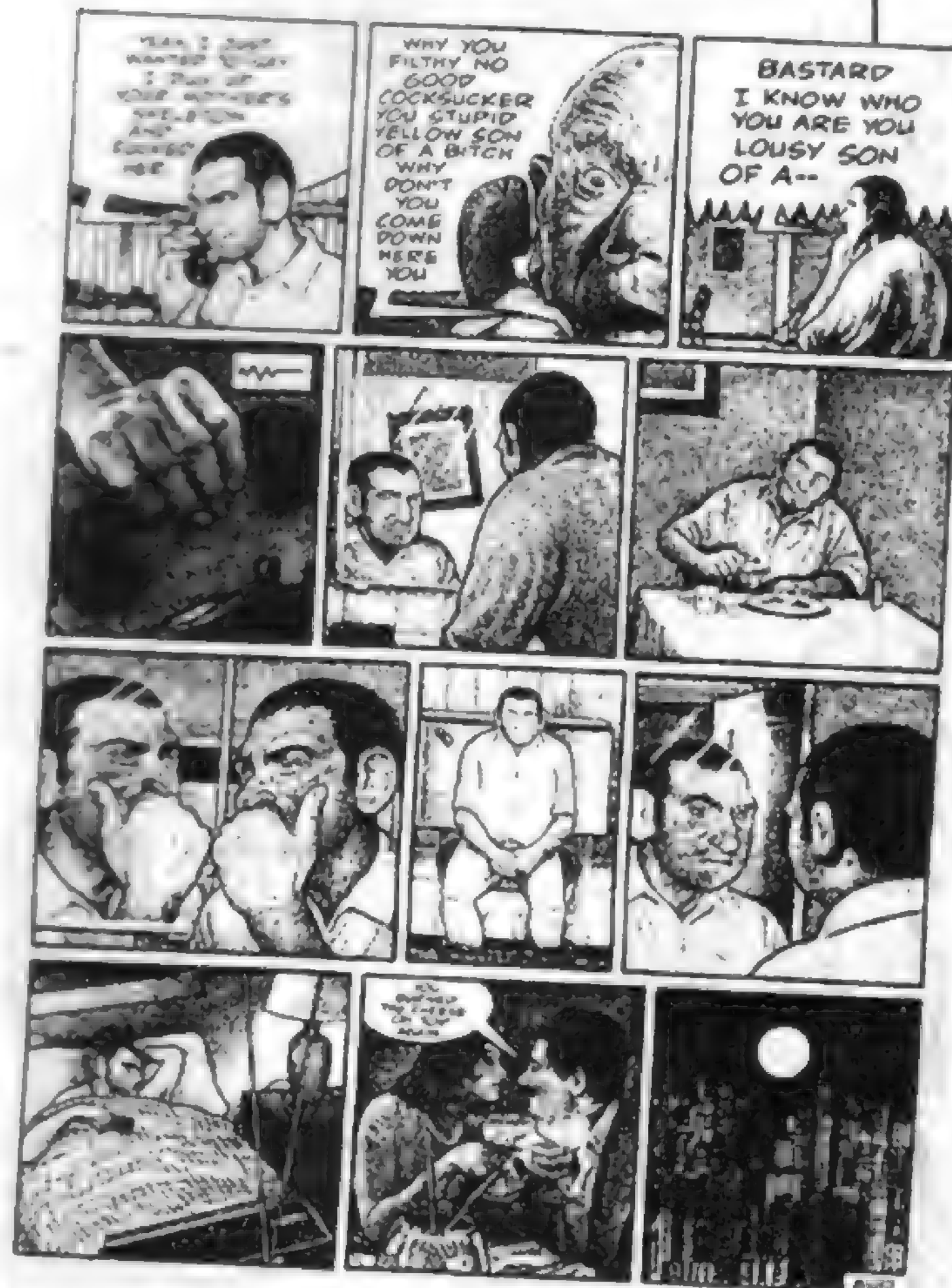
# IN THE RED

These comics are a testament to the obsessive power that the Red audio tape has on anyone who listens to it.

SUPERCYCLE magazine's "White Line Willie" as written and illustrated by John Berado.



Reprinted from the pages of RAW #1 Volume 2 (1989) is Drew Friedman's comic inspiration.







Erica and Hope giggle as Tierney glumly takes direction from Gore. Pal/actor John Berado looks on.

breasts. The ladies, who I suspect had participated in similar activities during other (perhaps more professional) shoots, held their own against Larry. He grabbed their asses, they buried him in cleavage. He gnawed at their thighs, they stroked his...well, enough said. Let's just say we got the shots.

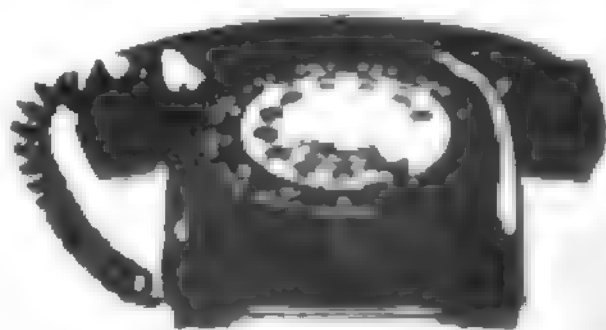
Exhausted, we planned for the next day—the bar shoot—which, from a technical point of view, was going to be a living hell.

While producer Jonathan Hommel had managed to weasel the use of an actual bar, the aforementioned Local Pub, we were faced with the sad fact that we could not close the place down for shooting and would have little or no control over the customers or bartender. But we got it for our favorite price—FREE!

Arriving at the location at the crack of dawn, I found myself staring at what looked to be a combination of your average redneck watering hole and the divine inspiration of Charles Bukowski. What a fucking dive.

However, as proof of the bar's popularity, there were already customers there, waiting at the door like whimpering dogs looking for table scraps.

Walking through the place, my right hand man Justin Stanley muttered the memorable words, "What the fuck are we going to do now?" I wasn't sure.



## "You've used guns before, right Larry?"

### —CHRISTIAN GORE

Dark and dank, the bar was a lighting nightmare, but the fact that our entire light kit consisted of just three 10K spots didn't help. For those of you out of the know, having a 10K light within fifteen feet of you is like standing fifteen feet from the sun.

First you feel hot, then you burn, then you melt.

Five hours later, after our considerable screwing with the lights and getting some atmospheric shots, Tierney arrived, ready for action.

Unlike the previous day, he looked rested and actually remembered my name on occasion, as opposed to calling me "kid."

Within the next ten hours we managed to shoot much of our scene, including some spellbinding footage of Tierney savagely wielding and ultimately making

good use of, a sawed-off, double-barreled shotgun.

Although Tierney had read the script, even he was shocked when Gore produced the weapon from its deceptively small case.

"You've used guns before, right Larry?" Gore asked with a smile as he loaded it with blanks.

Weapon in hand, Tierney worked the scene; blasting off round after round from the double triggered hog's leg. Larry was incredible, but down







# INSPIRED BY RED

While the Red tapes may be new to many, they have long inspired many others, often affecting them to a disturbing degree.

Scott Ian, the guitarist for the innovative metal group ANTHRAX, is probably the best example of this malady.

"We actually got a copy of the tape a few years back," says Ian, "From the guitar player in SUICIDAL TENDENCIES, Rocky. So we were just playing it constantly, over and over again on the tour bus, just learning all the lines and talking about it. Everywhere we went we were reciting lines from the tape and this rep from our record company happened to be in Dallas with us and he overheard us reciting lines, and he said, 'Are you guys talking about Red?' And we said yeah, so he pulls it out of a bag and said 'I got that tape.' We couldn't believe it! Then we find out that this guy from Island records had had the tape for seven years already! So that was when I really started to delve into the story behind this thing to find out exactly how the tape came about and who did it."

ANTHRAX as a unit proved their devotion by sampling the Red tape and slipping it into the 1991 remix of their metal-meets-rap track "I'm The Man," which can be found on their "Attack of The Killer B's" album. As an individual, Ian confirmed his insanity by sitting in front of a typewriter and transcribing the entire tape. "At the time, we were constantly, constantly listening to it, so I just thought it would be cool to actually transcribe every single thing in it," said Ian. "I just thought it would be cool to be able to read it along with the tape."

Ian then excitedly asked, "Have you spoken to Matt Groening [creator of *The Simpsons*] yet?"

Like other die hard Red fans, Ian pegged Bart Simpson's phone pranks to Moe, the sullen bartender, as Red-inspired lunacy. However, Groening denies this suspicion. His publicist explained, "Matt says he's never heard of this Red tape and that the prank calls were invented by the show's writers. Otherwise, the tape would have been credited. So I guess you won't be interviewing Mr. Groening."

Sadly, we couldn't get to the writers before our press time.

However, one source recalls a certain party he attended several months ago, during which the Red tape was played. Most weren't interested, but a certain belly-laughing contingency of party goers were fascinated, spiriting the tape off to a quiet corner for a careful listening. When our source questioned their identity, the reply was "Oh, I think they work on *The Simpsons*."

The cocksuckers. **FTVG**

—David E. Williams



Inspired by Red? NOT!

deep, we were all scared that he would suddenly go off the edge and turn the prop on us. One particular shot, one I'll never forget, had him firing both barrels directly over the camera.

Squinting through the lens, I felt the sweat run down my neck as I readied for the twin blasts. I imagined ambulances and doctors muttering, "he never felt a thing," but after the smoke cleared I found myself no worse for wear aside from some temporary deafness.

My recollection of the final day of shooting is a blur of light, sound and greasy pizza; culminating in the last take of the last shot requiring Tierney's presence. Although he too was tired, Larry kept asking for retakes because he felt his performance could be improved. The scene, played opposite Scott Spiegel (the screenwriter behind *Evil Dead II* and *The Rookie*), was the one in which Red faced his supposed telephonic tormentor. Unhappy with his lines, Tierney repeatedly asked for changes, fighting Gore over each and every word. Finally, camera and sound rolled on what was to be the final take. Hitting each cue perfectly, Larry was flawless. Upon director Gore's shouting "Cut!," the audience, consisting of crewmembers, barflies, and local losers, gave Larry a standing ovation—quite an achievement considering the group's general disposition. Grateful, Larry smiled, which he had not done during the previous seventy-odd hours. He was a star.

At that point, I knew there was nothing to worry about, the film was in the can.

Gore's friend John Berado, the one who infected us all with this obsession, looks at his own Red fascination this way:

"Like many long-time fans, I don't listen to the actual tape like I used to. Instead, I look for traces of Red in others. I listen for people doing Red impressions or playing the tape. Every once in a while, I'll be walking down the street, talking about Red and feel a tap on my shoulder, only to find someone saying, 'Hey I've heard that!' I believe Red is everywhere."

Amen. **FTVG**



# RED

## IN HIS OWN @\$%\*# WORDS

*An appreciation by Scott Ian*

RED. TO HEAR HIM is to love him. To hear him is to be obsessed by him. Once you've been exposed to this tape you will never forget it. The phrases, the incredible use of profanity, the sheer hatred in Red's voice, the humor in the unknown voices. These things will become ingrained upon your memory. You'll find yourself repeating lines. You'll find yourself imitating Red for your answering machine. You'll find yourself saying, "How are you?" at odd moments and you'll be swearing ten times as much as you used to, ya motherfucker. These guys wind Red up so badly you can hear the blood boiling in the veins that are standing out on Red's forehead. You can feel him lose control. Supposedly, years after the tape was made a guy went into the bar and told Red that he was the guy that called. Red pulled a gun and had to be talked out of shooting the guy. He really would have put two zigs on both cheeks if he ever caught them. He never did though. Red retired to Florida and died years ago. I'm still trying to find out who were the guys behind the voices. They are my heroes, the cocksuckers.

*(Ring)*

RED: Hello.

VOICE: Hello, is Mike Hunt there?

RED: Mike Unt?

VOICE: Hunt, H-U-N-T, Hunt.

*(Red screams out to the bar)*

RED: Anybody named Hunt?

Mike Hunt? *(pause)*, *(noise from bar)*

Anybody's name Hunt? No, nobody by that name.

VOICE: How about, uh, could you, could ya call out Joe Mama?

RED: Joe Miller?

VOICE: No, Mama, M-A-M-A, Ma, Mama. He's an Italian guy

RED: Mana?

VOICE: Mama.

RED: M-A-N-A?

VOICE: Yeah, Joe Mama.

*(Red screams out to the bar)*

RED: Joe Mana. *(pause)* Joe Mana here?

VOICE: *(suppressed laughter)*

RED: No, there's nobody by that name either.

VOICE: Oh, okay thanks a lot, bye-bye.

*(Phone hangs up)*

*(Ring)*, *(Ring)*

RED: Hello.

VOICE: Yeah, uh, this the Tube Bar?

RED: Yeah.

VOICE: Can I speak to Ben please?

*(Red screams out to the bar)*

RED: Anybody named Ben?

*(pause)* BEN! Anybody name Ben?

MAN IN BAR: Is Ben here?

RED: Nobody by that name.

VOICE: The last name is, uh, he's an Italian fellow, uh DeBanana.

RED: Who?

VOICE: DeBonano, DeBanana.

*(Red screams out to the bar)*

RED: DeBanana! *(pause)*

DeBanana. *(laughs from the bar)*

Nobody by that name.



VOICE: Ben DeBanana, no?

RED: No.

VOICE: O.K., thank you.

*(phone hangs up)*

*(Rings)*, *(Rings)*, *(Rings)*, *(Rings)*

*(laughing over the phone)*

RED: Yeah.

VOICE: Hello.

RED: Yeah.

VOICE: Phil De Grave there?

*(pause)*

RED: Listen, ya motherfucker cocksucker ya.

VOICE: Ya, cunt.

RED: Your mother is a fucking

she's a cunt, ya, and you're a

VOICE: I'm a, I'm afraid I'm

gonna kill you.

RED: Why don't you suck your mother's cunt ya, son of a bitch.

VOICE: I'm gonna throw ya, I'll bear the shit out of you, you bastard.

RED: You're a cock... why ya lousy son of a bitch, I'll give you five hundred dollars to come fill my pitchers.

VOICE: You just wait til I get a hold of you.

RED: Why you fuckin' bum. I know who you are.

VOICE: Yeah?

RED: And God help you when I see you.

VOICE: I can't wait to get a hold of you, you bastard.

RED: When I catch you I'll put two Z's. I'll put two zigs on your both cheeks. You'll remember it from... yes, I know ya, don't worry.

VOICE: Yeah.

RED: I know you and I'll get ya.

VOICE: Sure you do you fuckin' fat pig.

RED: Why you cocksucker, come, why don't you come over, tell me where to meet ya.

VOICE: I, I, I'll come over, I'll come over.

RED: I'll come over and meet you you motherfucker bum.

*(Red hangs up)*



VOICE: Yeah you wouldn't have the guts.

*(Ring)*, *(Ring)*

RED: Yeahhhhhhhhh.

HIGH VOICE: Where's my father?

RED: Hello.

HIGH VOICE: Where's my father?

RED: Your father is in his, in your mother's asshole.

HIGH VOICE: Yeah?

RED: Ya fuckin' bum.

*(Red hangs up)*

*(Ring)*

RED: Hello.

VOICE: Yeah, I'm gonna break your fuckin' face open for ya, you son of a bitch.

RED: You know I...

VOICE: Ya can't talk to me that way.

RED: Ya know your mother sucked my prick the other day.

VOICE: Yeah?

RED: You know that?

VOICE: Yeah, well...

RED: Now you can come down and suck mine too.

VOICE: Yeah, when I come down I'll chop it off for ya.

RED: I wish ya would come down ya motherfucker.

VOICE: Yeah.

*(Red hangs up)*

*(Ring)*

RED: Hello.

VOICE: Yeah, listen, I had it with you, you son of a bitch. Where do you wanna meet me and fuckin' have it out?

RED: Why you yellow rat bastard, ya motherfucker cocksucker.

VOICE: Yeah, you're...

RED: I, I been fuckin', your mother's been suckin' my prick every, for many years and you're tryin' to make a jerk outta me.

VOICE: Yeah?

RED: Why don't ya come over and





meet me face to face?  
 VOICE: Your, my friend just walked into the bar.  
 RED: Ya motherfucker...I'll walk over and meet you wherever you want meeting.  
 VOICE: I want, that's what I want, that's what I want.  
 RED: Where are you and I'll come right over.  
 VOICE: You son of a bitch.  
 RED: You, you son of a bitch, ya motherfucker.  
 VOICE: You wouldn't come.  
 RED: I wouldn't come.  
 VOICE: I'll come down there.  
 RED: You son of a bitch I'll cut...  
 VOICE: My friend's in the bar right now...  
 RED: I'll, I'll cut your belly open. C'mon over you son of a bitch.  
 VOICE: My friend's there right now...  
 RED: Ya bastard I'll...  
 VOICE: Why don't ya talk to him ya yellow bastard?  
 RED: Why you lousy motherfucker cocksucker. You'd fuck your own mother for a nickel ya son of a bitch. You're a motherfucker and a cocksucker.  
 VOICE: You son of a bitch.  
*(Red hangs up)*  
 VOICE: Nobody can talk to me that way.  
  
*(Ring)*  
 VOICE: Hello.  
 RED: Yeah.  
 VOICE: Yeah, I just wanna tell ya, we dug your mudder up and fucked her, her skeleton.  
 RED: Eh, come on over ya yellow son of a bitch, ya motherfucker.  
 VOICE: Ya ain't got the balls.  
 RED: Come on over here and I'll give ya balls, I'll cut 'em off for ya.  
 VOICE: Yeah, sure ya will, sure ya will.  
 RED: Ya suck a, ya suck a cunt you son of a bitch.  
*(Red hangs up)*

VOICE: Ya cocksucker you.  
*(Ring)*  
 MAN IN BAR: Tube Bar.  
 VOICE: Hello, Red there?  
 MAN IN BAR: Who's this calling?  
 VOICE: Jackie.  
 MAN IN BAR: Jackie?  
 VOICE: Yeah, Parker.  
 MAN IN BAR: *(to Red)* Jackie  
 RED: Hello.  
 VOICE: Hello Red.  
 RED: Yeah.  
 VOICE: Is Stuey there?  
 RED: Who?  
 VOICE: Stu.  
 RED: What Stu?  
 VOICE: Pit.  
 RED: Heh?

## "Why don't you come over here and say that face ta face ya @&\$\*#¢ bum!?"

VOICE: Pit. P-E-I-T.  
 RED: Stupid?  
 VOICE: Hahaha, yeah!  
 RED: Why you motherfucker, ya cocksucker.  
 VOICE: Ha...  
 RED: Why don't ya come down here ya cocksucker?  
 VOICE: I'm gonna fuck you up.  
 RED: I'll cut yer belly open ya...  
 VOICE: Haaa, ya cocksucker.  
 RED: You fuckin' mother's cunt.  
 VOICE: I'll fuck ya mother.  
 RED: Why don't ya go out and fuck ya mother ya son of a bitch, ya...?  
 VOICE: I'll chase ya around ya cocksucker...  
 RED: Ya lousy yellow bastard.  
*(Red hangs up)*  
 VOICE: I'm comin' down.

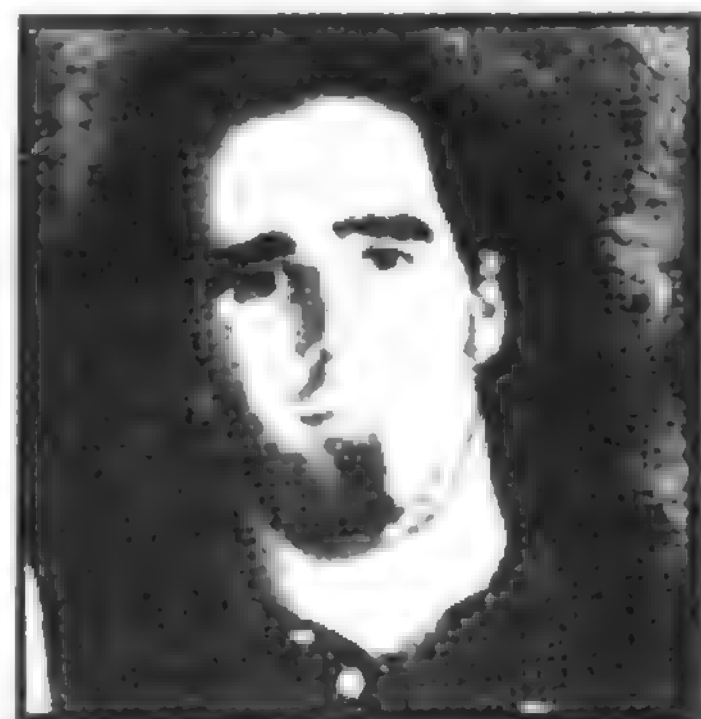
*(Ring)*  
 RED: Hello.

VOICE: Yeah, listen. Who you think you are fightin' like that on the phone? What the hell I, I ask ya for a fuckin' name and you, and ya start screamin' and yellin'.  
 RED: Why don't you come over here and say that ta, face ta face ya motherfucker bum?  
 VOICE: What, all I asked you for is a name? What are you yelling at me for?  
 RED: Why don't you come over and face to face and I'll tell you right away? You just tell me you're the guy that calls.  
 VOICE: All I did was ca...  
 RED: Why don't you tell me where you are and I'll come over ta see you, you...

VOICE: All I did was call you up. What are you talkin' about?  
 RED: Why don't you tell me? I'll come over and see you where you are...  
 VOICE: I'll come over there, I'll stab you, you motherfucker.  
 RED: Oh, I'll, why don't you tell me where you are I'll come over?  
 VOICE: Ya see, you ain't got the guts ta fuckin' fight me.  
 RED: I ain't got the guts?  
 VOICE: Ta fight me.  
 RED: Why don't ya tell me what, uh, where are ya, and I'll come right over?  
 VOICE: Yeah.  
 RED: So, they told me who you are. So I know...  
 VOICE: All right, who am I?  
 RED: So, I know who you are...  
 VOICE: Yeah.  
 RED: So just wait until I catch up with you.

VOICE: You know what, you're a stupid cunt.  
 RED: When I, when I'll catch up with you...  
 VOICE: You fag.  
 RED: Then you'll find out how those...Z.  
 VOICE: Z. *(mocking Red)*  
 RED: Ya know how you make a Z? On both cheeks you'll have it.  
 VOICE: FUCK YOU.  
 RED: Ya motherfucker bum.  
*(Phone hangs up)*  
  
*(Ring), (Ring)*  
 RED: Hello.  
 VOICE: Yes, I wanna speak ta Stu Pid.  
 RED: Why you motherfucker you son of a bitch.  
 VOICE: You son of a bitch. Who is this?  
 RED: Why don't you come down here?  
 VOICE: I'll come down.  
 RED: Stand up to me ya dirty cocksucker.  
 VOICE: Yeah.  
 RED: My name is Red.  
 VOICE: Yeah, yeah sure.

RED: C'mon down here face ta face you bastard.  
 VOICE: Yeah fuckin'...  
 RED: I'll put...I'll cut ya belly open.  
 VOICE: You're the biggest punk in the world. **FIVE**



**Scott is the guitarist for ANTHRAX**





**These incredible creations  
are inspired by a Chinese-  
meets-Japanese design.**





# THE MAKING OF A MICRO-EPIC

Director STEVE WANG is breaking the barriers of independent action/fantasy filmmaking with his new picture, KUNG FU RASCALS. The first of two parts.

Interview By David E. Williams

LAST ISSUE'S review of the action filled fantasy *Guyver*, which was described as "the directorial debut of Screaming Mad George," caught the interest of one particular reader, who reacted with a familiar smile.

"Everybody calls it that, so I suppose it's not your fault."

Or so said *Guyver* co-director Steve Wang, the special make-up genius whose effects credits include *Beetlejuice*, *Predator*, *Gremlins II* and, most recently, the redesigned Caped Crusader costume for the upcoming *Batman Returns*.

An action film with a difference, *Guyver* blends large dollops of spoofish comedy with hardcore science-fiction to produce a frothy melange of eye-popping monster effects, high-kicking fights and (what should have been) budget-busting spectacle. With relative unknowns in the lead roles (Jack Armstrong and Vivian Wu), and solid veterans in sup-



An amazing use of forced-perspective and imaginative costumes.

port (Mark Hamill and the late David Gale), the low budget film is a strong testament to George and Wang's filmmaking ingenuity.

Unfortunately, *Guyver* has proved a hard sell for the film's production company. Because the picture is difficult to classify as straight action, sci-fi, or even comedy, it currently hangs in limbo—unable to find a distributor willing to take a chance on something

different. In a sad attempt to sneak the film into the marketplace, *Guyver* was recently retitled as *Mutronics*, and given a new sell line ("Some mutants are more equal than others") that tries to blatantly link it to the successful *Ninja Turtles* films.

While Steve Wang isn't outwardly depressed by *Guyver*'s distribution troubles, or blame the film's publicity people responsible for downplaying his co-director credit (despite the fact that his name was relatively invisible on the promotional bill-

boards for the film's successful Tokyo premiere), any inner agonies he may hold disappear with a broad grin at the mention of his latest feature project, *Kung Fu Rascals*.

The film, which could be described as The Three Stooges meet Jackie Chan as directed by Terry Gilliam, is more economically summed up as "amazing."

Combining the universal language





Left: Raspmutant, played by visual effects coordinator Wyatt Weed. Top: Lao Zee falls prey to the demented Imperial Torture Master. Right: Mee Sha, the Spider Witch—an amazing rod puppet designed by Wang and co-built by Aaron Sims.

of slapstick pratfalls and blinding kung fu action with an epic sense of adventure, the film follows the misadventures of Reepo (co-scriptor Johnny Saiko), Lao Ze (Troy Fromin), and Chen Chow Mein (director Wang himself) as they dodge deadly ninjas, monstrous frog-men and stone giants to defeat a posse of devilish overlords; Bamboo Man From Ka Pow and Raspmutant, The Mad Monk.

Whew!

While this may sound the stuff of overly inflated \$40 million studio epics, *Kung Fu Rascals* is instead one of the most independently produced feature films ever made. And as the writer/producer/director/co-star/financier, Steve Wang wouldn't have it any other way; defying economic realities by swinging a hammer to help build the sets, using deft camera tricks and miniatures to expand the *Rascals'* filmic universe, and, most of all, by relying heavily on friends who don't mind all work and no pay.

Laying the groundwork for his career by making Super 8 shorts with his friends in the San Francisco Bay Area, Wang became interested in special make-up effects. And after winning a *Fangoria*-sponsored make-up contest with a friend, he knew he had found his calling and soon moved to Los Angeles to further pursue doing effects and making his own films.

*How did Guyver happen?*

Well, after we finished principal shooting on *Kung Fu Rascals*, a friend of mine, Screaming Mad George,

**"When I look at KUNG FU RASCALS, I don't see anything strange or unusual, but I grew up on Ultraman and Godzilla movies."**

**—Steve Wang**

approached me to work on the film, which he described as a action, sci-fi, monster movie. So he asked me if I wanted to help on it, and I said, 'What do you mean by *help*?' He explained that there was going to be a lot of action and stunts, and he knew what I

had been doing with *Rascals*, so he asked me to be a second unit action director. Well, to me, being second unit means you work with a four man crew, shoot all the incidental stuff and then have everything cut into someone else's scene. There's no glory in it, not much creative control, and the screen credit doesn't mean that much to anyone. So I turned him down. But George realized the importance of having me, he liked my *Rascals* stuff, and we were friends.

*Had you worked together before?*

Several times. First at Richard Edlund's company, Boss Films, on *Predator*. So we're friends and we both knew that if anybody could work together, we could. Then he asked me if I wanted to co-direct the film and I said 'Yes.' As it turned out, things started moving and we found out that we were going to have a five week shooting schedule on a film that should have had at least eight to ten weeks. Because of that, we ended up not actually co-directing, but splitting the crew into two units, so we could be shooting at all times. When I was shooting main unit, George took over the second crew, and we just rotated through scenes. As it turned out, I did a big chunk of the film because I had a lot more experience with staging and



shooting action and fight scenes.

*How was that different from your directing experience on Rascals?*

*Guyver* wasn't as hard, physically, because we were working with a professional film crew. On *Kung Fu Rascals*, we carried everything ourselves and had to hope that people would show up on the set! Also, when the day was over, it was over. Just twelve hour days as opposed to the twenty or twenty-four hour days we did on *Rascals*. But because we had a good crew on *Guyver*, we were able to better use of the time by setting up shots quicker. We didn't waste hours trying to figure out how to light a scene—because they all knew what they were doing. But on the down side, things had to be done more elaborately. If we wanted to do a camera move for example, because it was a heavy 35mm camera, we'd have to lay dolly tracks and do all this set up that was unnecessary in my other experiences—*Kung Fu Rascals*, for instance, was mostly shot hand-held, so all that set up was avoided. And the short film I made just before that, *Code 9*, was shot in Super 8, so that was no problem. In fact, one thing I liked about shooting Super 8 was that you could pick up shots really easily, just point and shoot. But on *Guyver*, we were lucky to get a shot off in under half an hour.

*When did you start making your own films?*

Well, several years ago, I was in the middle of trying to direct a feature, talking to a few production companies, but I needed something to prove I had talent. So I made a Super 8 short film called *Code 9* to show this company that I could do something. I shot in one weekend and did the post production in the next three months. It was a 10 minute film just to show this company that I could tell a story from beginning to end—kind of



**TOP:** The bumbling Rascals cower in terror as Nio Titan (below), the 300 foot, stone War God pursues them on the beach.



**BOTTOM:** Effects artist Eddle Yang puts the final touches on a "miniature" Nio Titan head.



an action-suspense thing. These two cops go into this big warehouse to meet up with an informer, and, as it turns out, the informer was killed. They end up running through all these monsters that were inside there. It was a pretty simple scenario. The production company thought it was interesting but they said, "Well, that's great and everything, but *Lost Boys* was really a lot better."

*Why would they say that?*

Well, that's what puzzled me. [Laughs] But that's what they were saying. I made the film entirely for a \$1,000 and they were trying to compare it with a \$20 million movie that had a 60-day shoot, high caliber actors and totally professional crew. That's when I realized I didn't want to work with this company anyway. Because they just didn't get it. So I got really frustrated. Actually I was kind of pissed off.

*Was that the first time you made a film yourself? Had you ever picked up a camera before?*

Actually, an earlier version of *Kung Fu Rascals* was the very first one. That was my very first amateur film. It's funny because when I first made that film I had no interest in filmmaking at all. I did it more or less kind of like a weekend project. But as it turned out, I spent six months of my life making a 34-minute epic with a cast of thousands. I learned a lot. Like what hell it is making a movie and why you shouldn't just talk about it but do it. But at the same time I was bitten by the bug. I realized this wasn't something I could do full time yet, but I want to do more films. When that was done, a year and a half after that, I started on another project with two of my friends. And that one is half-way done now. It's a 20-minute film and we've shot 10 minutes of it, but it kind of fell through. It





**Top:** Director Wang holds the Mee Sha puppet. It was decided that building a full-size character would be too expensive, so a miniature set and forced-perspective camera tricks would finally, and cheaply, bring the Spider Witch to life. **Bottom:** Close-ups were done with actress Marion Paras in make-up.

was the classic case of too many cooks in the kitchen. Everybody had their visions of what they wanted and what it should have been. It was called *The Legend of Demon's Fire* and was sort of simple revenge story. We wanted to go out in the woods and shoot a bunch of demons and sword fights and samauri stuff. So we started filming, but it was just too much work and none of us were getting exactly what we wanted. All three of us had strong visions of what we wanted, and they were all different, so we all decided to pull the project. I ended up keeping most of the footage since a lot of the stuff we had already shot was stuff I had done. So some of the ideas from *The Legend of Demon's Fire* became

incorporated into the new version of *Kung Fu Rascals* that I'm finishing now.

*When you say "action," are you talking about blood-drenched, fighting action?*

No, *Kung Fu Rascals* is a film I wanted to make for kids. At most it'll be PG-13. There is some blood, like in this one shot where a demon is hit in the eye with an arrow, but it's all pretty quick. The fighting is intense, but it won't be a *Total Recall* sort of experience, it won't be mean spirited. It's all in the name of fun, like a cartoon. It's the kung-fu premise done differently. Actually the story is a mix of Chinese and Japanese mythology. I mixed them because I like the colors of the Chinese characters, the emotional quality of them, but I also like the regalness of Japanese costumes and design. As far as sets are concerned, they were more or less from a lot of little things, old samauri films, some hints of the European knights in shining armor—but really it was a combination of what we could find for nothing, or build for almost nothing.

*Do you think those Asian influences are going to seem overly exotic to an American audience? One that has, so far, totally ignored Hong Kong and Japanese cinema?*

I don't know what to think. When I look at *Kung Fu Rascals*, I don't see





anything strange or unusual, but I grew up on Ultraman and Godzilla movies. To a non-Asian audience, *Rascals* might seem crazy and wild, but I think a hardcore kung fu or Hong Kong cinema audience might just see it as a low budget version of things they've seen before. I'm kind of desensitized to it on two levels then. One, because I know Hong Kong cinema, and two, because I wrote and directed the film. I have shown footage to different people though, and so far I've had really good reactions. I also think that if people don't like certain aspects of the film, say the kung-fu fighting, they will connect with something else. I'm also one to believe that people appreciate originality, and I think the film has some stuff that you just don't see in many other films these days. Since *Guyver*, I've had plenty of offers to do parodies and sequels, but I've turned them all down. My feeling about filmmaking is that there are a small number of people who do original stuff, the trendsetters, and then there are the people who do rip-offs. There had to be a *Star Wars* before there could be a *Galaxy of...* whatever. The big studios, because they have the money behind them, are usually more willing to take the risk and put out a film that will set a new trend. So, I like to think of *Kung Fu Rascals* as sort of "anti-low budget," at least in the sense that it isn't an imitation of something that's already successful. In fact, being low budget wasn't even something we thought about when writing the story or shooting, we didn't want to let that economic factor hold us back. Instead, we looked for original, less expensive ways to achieve the same result—glass shots, matte paintings and other cheap special effects. As a filmmaker, I wanted a film that looked big budget no matter what, so we used the miniatures and special effects not just to amaze people, but to cover up our financial situation. What also helped keep costs down, of course, was that my crew and I could do a lot of this kind of work ourselves.

*Of the Rascals footage I've seen, the battle between the stone giants at the beach is the most amazing, and not at all what anyone making a low budget film would even try to do.*

Exactly. But there aren't any rules that say a low budget film can't use certain angles or shots, you just have to figure out how to do them inexpensively. It all depends on how you move the camera and how you frame it, that's what sells the shot. In fact, when I told my crew we were going to stage a battle between two giants, the War Gods, they didn't believe me! **TYO**

Currently in final post production, *Kung Fu Rascals* should be finished by the year's end. Hopefully, both it and *Guyver* (or is it *Mutronics*?) will be available on video in the near future. In next issue, we'll continue our talk with Steve and focus on the technical aspects of the *Rascals* production. •

# FINISH YOUR FILM!



## EDITING PACKAGE SPECIAL

### INCLUDES:

Hahnel Supermat Viewer	\$160.00
2 extra bulbs	4.00
Wurker Splicer	115.00
2 pkgs splicing tabs	14.00
Ecco film cleaner (pint)	17.00
Bonum 400' reel & can	6.00
Dust Away Plus	9.00
Guide To Super 8	9.00
White leader (50')	3.00
Flannel roll	2.00

A \$339.00  
value for  
only: **\$295.00!**

**Super 8**  
SYNCSOUND  
SYSTEM

2805 W. Magnolia Blvd., CA 91505  
(818) 848-5522  
95 Harvey St., Cambridge, MA 02140  
(617) 876-5876



# RUNMAN REVISITED

*That irreverent documentarian drops his camera to discuss surf, babes and taking dumps.*

*Interview by Rowdy Yates*

**R**UNMAN, WHO declines to use his real name for fear of violent reprisals from his subjects, is a documentary filmmaker who pushes the boundaries by choosing not to bore his audience to tears with dry charts and equally dull interviews with so-called experts. Instead, like Michael Moore (*Roger & Me*), Runman uses sick satire and hidden camera techniques to reveal and preserve the cruel humor of life itself. And in this case, the life is that of those sun worshipping riders of the storm, the poets of the curls, the masters of the tides: surfers.

While not a surfer myself (despite the fact that I live in California), I have known several such shark-bait, wave devotees. They all have that same craziness: the unwavering blank stare, a too mellow groove to their voice, and a love for such activities as midnight beer runs and blowing up frogs with small explosive devices.

In his film *Runman 69*, our pseudonymous filmmaker delved headlong into this brand of lurid ludicrousness, but we have to wonder what he'll do for the proposed follow-up, currently titled *RunManson*.



**The Blob takes a roof ride in the upcoming RUNMANSON.**

*How do you decide what to shoot?*

I basically like to wake up everyday and have no idea about what I'm going to do and look to see how the waves are, if it's gonna be the waves I'm filming. I like to go into it as blind as can be, determine what I'm going to film by what's going on. I mean when I go to the beach to surf, if there's something funny going on I'm going to be looking at that right away. Even if the

waves are good I'm looking for some weirdo doing something that they don't think they know you are watching them, and you'll be filming it. As far as surfing goes it's a little bit harder to judge. You never know what they're gonna do on a wave and how good the wave is gonna be. It's really a hard thing to determine. So, you just kind of have to shoot it, get what you get and be happy with it. It's almost impossible to capture the best surf and the best surfing. It's not like a determined thing. Which is good.

*Are there advantages to staying on the beach when shooting?*

From the beach you're in your own world. In the water you get a different perspective, though not necessarily better.

But I don't necessarily film from the beach. I shoot from trees, mountains, bushes, wherever. But, when you're in the water, you're right there with everyone. And a lot of times half the people in the water you don't even want to be around anyway.

*How do you edit your films?*

I cut the original film, which probably is not the smartest idea. And then I



transfer it to a 3/4 inch master and clean up all the tape splices. Then I go in, call my friend over and get all fucked up and do the narration in about two hours.

*Is it all totally impromptu?*

Totally, yeah. Drew Steele, from the Surf Punks, does the narration. He's just the funniest guy. I judge how good the movie is by how many times we have to stop during it and go back so he can say something. Because this last movie, *Runman 69*, we'd be doing stuff and he'd be laughing so hard he couldn't do narration. So, we'd have to stop and go back. Then I go to Dennis Dragon, the other half of the Surf Punks, and we do the soundtrack and credits.

*When you're cutting, how do you decide which shot is used and which isn't?*

Depends what drug I'm on, how tired I am and whatever else I have to do. I kind of know what I like. It's pretty much you like what I put in the movies and you like what I like. And if you don't like it, you don't. It pretty much just speaks for itself. You really can't describe it. That's a good question, but I can't answer it.

*Have you ever had any problems with anything you've used or shown?*

This one woman called up from an animal rights group. This is the stuff I like. If anyone out there wants to get mad I like that. That's fun. She got mad. She said we had killed a frog in *Runman Two*. We didn't kill a frog, but I'm not saying I wouldn't kill a frog. But it was already dead. And then we showed a bike tire run it over. And it kind of goes up in a Hitler salute.

**"I'm not saying I  
wouldn't kill a frog.  
But...**



**...it was already  
dead. And then we  
showed...**



**...a bike tire run it  
over and it kind of  
went up in a Hitler  
salute."**

And she called up and said I can't believe you murdered this frog and I'm getting the authorities after you and so on. So, I just took her message and put it on our answering machine as our message. She called up and had to listen to herself. She got really mad.

*Too bad she didn't see  
Runman 69 where you have  
that pit bull and the chickens.*

Hey, that chicken was crazy. That's a good way to die. In the hands of another animal.

*It's the law of the jungle.*

Yeah. I'm into the jungle law, definitely.

*What about the girls in your  
films? The voice-overs make  
them sound pretty dumb.*

I don't know, they always seem to laugh and other girls always seem to see it and then want to be in one of my movies. And they basically know what's going to be done to them, that they're gonna get made fun of. Actually, we're not as much making fun of the girls as we're making fun of the people that look at girls that way. It's kind of a dual thing. Pretty much every person I have ever filmed has been pretty happy about it. Most people like to see themselves on film and I don't think I make anyone look too bad or anything they're not.

*What's the funniest footage  
you've shot?*

My favorite is three dogs fucking. Triple up. (Laughs) Tourist people doing funny stuff. They're always stopping in the middle of the road to take pictures and not realizing that they are in the center of a road blocking it. Or, they try to climb up mountains to get a good picture and



they fall off. Or, they go out on the rocks and get washed over. The thing that happens a lot is that people come to the beach and put all their stuff down, video cameras, all their traveling gear and they don't realize that the tide comes up and they lose all their stuff.

*Will you send any footage to America's Funniest Home Videos?*

Well, I'm going to find out what the deal with that show is first. I don't know how real that show is. I'm gonna find out. I'll take their money.

*What do you think of the stereotype that people have of surfers?*

Like *Point Break*. Hollywood makes them look like idiots. Most surfers probably are idiots, most *people* are, but there's some that I think are cool and those are the ones I like to film. Some friends of mine and I were standing outside the theater and we hear these guys walking in, 'Yeah, I wanna see Keanu Reeves surf.' I mean that's such

a joke. Like the guy in the movie learns to surf in a week. Right! He would have been drowning. I don't know... *Pointless Break*. Hollywood should forget about surfing. They should just stick to the stuff they do on the studio back lot, with some guy standing on a board in front of a blue screen and a wave matted in behind him. Or they should make their own beach and stay away from ours. I don't know, I thought *Big Wednesday* wasn't bad. *Endless Summer*. I think if they told the true story of what was really going on, then it would be a whole lot more exciting. We were thinking of doing a travel movie like that but we figured out that we would get arrested, shot or killed.

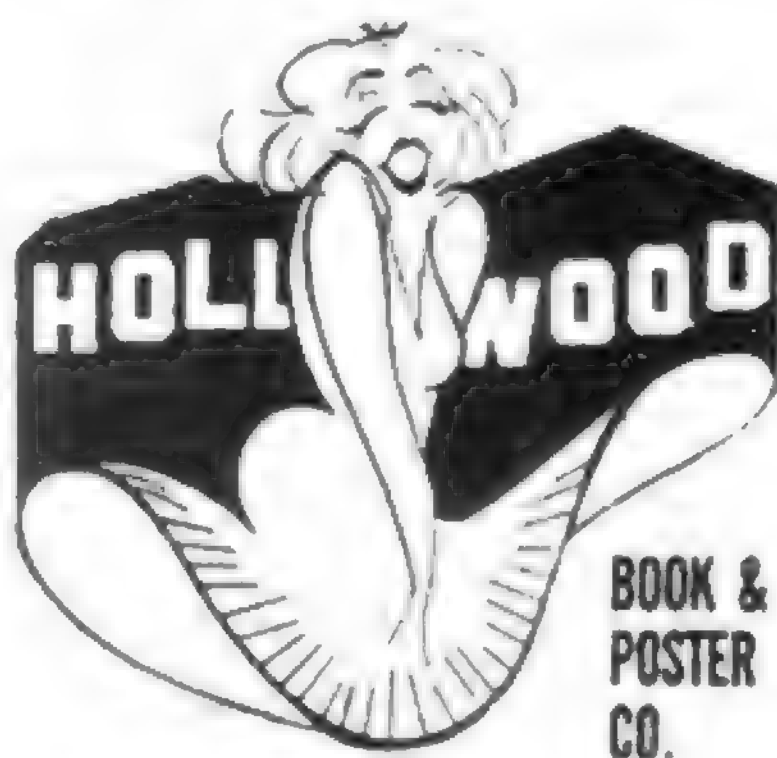
*Are your films really documentaries?*

I would say they are reality. Basically, that's about it. There's a lot of stuff in there that people are shocked by or whatever. But, it's basically real. Little things might be a little bit planned, but it's all stuff people are doing anyway. Nothing that I would

come up to someone and say, 'Why don't you go take a shit on that car.' Or, 'Why don't you go jump off that cliff.' You see people doing some of this crazy stuff and people go, 'Oh, that guy just wants to be in the movie.' And I go, 'No, that guy does that anyway.'

*What reactions do you get to your films?*

I get letters and I meet people all the time that are like grandmas almost. Just people you would think would say, "Oh a surfing movie." Even though it's not just a surf movie. And they tell me they love it. A lot of people call me up and tell me they have parties to show the movie. From the East Coast. All different places. That's the way I look at it too, it's for fun. If people in Ohio want to see what's really going on, this is stuff that really goes on. It's no one trying to make them think anything different or do anything different, it's just what *is*. They can see and they can laugh and they can be shocked. **FTVG**



**Hollywood Book & Poster  
Company**  
6349 Hollywood Blvd.  
Hollywood, CA 90028  
(Corner Ivar & Hollywood)  
(213) 465-8764

Posters • Photos • Press Kits  
Lobby Cards • Scripts  
And Much More  
Buy • Sell • Trade  
Bring Want Lists

Hours: Mon.-Thurs. 11-6  
Fri.-Sat. 11-7, Sun 12-5





HOW DO YOU KILL  
SOMETHING THAT  
WON'T DIE?

WHERE DO YOU RUN  
WHEN THEY'RE  
EVERYWHERE?



**THE  
DEAD  
NEXT DOOR**

The neighborhood's gone to HELL.



(Three and 1/2 stars)

*"THE DEAD NEXT DOOR is a  
loving tribute to George Romero, and  
outrageous, gruesome fun on its  
own...destined for cult status..."*

-Tom Brown WYBZ Radio

**ELECTRO**

**V I D E O**



**THE  
DEAD  
NEXT DOOR**

The neighborhood's gone to HELL.

THE DEAD NEXT DOOR is a zombie lover's dream come true! An inventive scientist has created the ultimate virus: it takes over and replaces a corpse's cells, using it as a slave to keep supplying its favorite dish...humans! When the virus goes awry, the government fights back by creating a crack team of soldiers called The Zombie Squad. Their mission: save the humans, and seek out and destroy the dead! From the streets of Washington, D.C. to the fields of Virginia and on to the suburbs of Akron, Ohio, our heroes fight a nonstop struggle for life and death, along the way stumbling onto an insane religious cult bent on keeping the dead alive and well until the day comes for their ultimate mission...to replace the living as the earth's inhabitants! It's nonstop terror and violence when your neighbors become...THE DEAD NEXT DOOR!!

In Color  
Running Time 84 min.  
©1989 Amsco Studios  
Hi-Fi Stereo

**VHS**

**\$ 29.99**

NOW AVAILABLE!

**FILM  
THREAT™  
VIDEO**



**UFO'S ARE  
REAL**

**JFK IS  
DEAD**

**THE CIA CONTROLS  
YOU!**





# TRIBULATION 99:

## THE FILMMAKER MUST BE PARANOID

*Conspiracy theories converge (and actually make sense) as San Francisco filmmaker CRAIG BALDWIN's found-footage masterpiece hits the screen.*

*Interview by David E. Williams*

AS MOST PEOPLE know, ranting and raving socio-political documentaries will seldom hold an average filmgoer's attention for more than an eye blink. However, ranting and raving socio-political black comedy will. Thusly, filmmaker Craig Baldwin wisely, and very shrewdly, concealed his leftist leaning and agit-prop ideals with absurd fun in his latest film *Tribulation 99: Alien Anomalies Under America*.

Composed of a rapid fire barrage of clips from B movies, military training films, speculative documentaries, TV news footage and other famous images, the film is broken down into 99 breathy narrative rants that explain not only the history of the world as we've been duped into believing, but the history that's been concealed: covered-up extraterrestrial encounters, covert CIA operations and big business' manipulations of small Central American governments. Yes, it's a history of those who believe JFK must have been assassinated by an ET-controlled android "as no lone human being could have possibly hit a distant moving target two times within 1.8 seconds."

As the programmer for The Other Cinema, San Francisco's premiere unusual film venue, Baldwin recognizes that *Trib 99* is as much a reac-



**El Sicodelico was one: an alien so mutated by radiation that it must mate with snakes in order to perpetuate itself.**

tion to popular cinema as it is to his own outrage over U.S. imperialism in the Western Hemisphere. But for all his seriousness, he knows how to tell a good joke. And while not everyone will laugh about the war in El Salvador or the destruction of the Brazilian rain forests—though some of us will—*Tribulation 99* is the rare film that will work on both levels.

*I'm pretty uninterested in the dry, long-winded political documentaries that you see on PBS. But in Trib 99, you covered the*

*same territory with humor, which makes it much more effective.*

But some people take it less seriously, so it won't get into certain venues. For instance, documentary festivals. But this humor thing, irony, bitter sarcasm, black comedy, works better with younger audiences who are more into rock n' roll or pop culture. Among historians, they keep it at a distance and don't get the joke. I find a lot of documentaries dry, but I wouldn't put them down, I don't think that sort of filmmaking should be eliminated. But there should be a lot of different kinds of documentary films and mine is one that is very sorely needed because of this visual literacy and this kind of pop culture generation that we're a part of.

Some older styles, the Leftist liberal moralistic films, just try to promote

political action with guilt. Not that that doesn't work, but there are other ways of doing it, like with humor. There are a lot of different audiences out there and any film can find it's own audience, so I don't feel like 'I'm pushed over into the art film ghetto.' That's just sour grapes. I don't want to be in the mainstream, it would be nice, but the film wasn't made with the purpose of being on TV. So I wanted the film to speak with the language of the people I hang out with, my generation.





**TOP:** Grisly cattle mutilations abound, though human dupes claim it's to stop the fast food ranching that daily destroys 50,000 rainforest acres.  
**BOTTOM:** Cuban patriot Luis Posada suspects that Fidel Castro's less than picturesque appearances bode ill for Havana's booming gambling industry.



*It's definitely tuned in to a more media literate audience, like Michael Moore's **Roger & Me**.*

Right. That had the humor and the found footage and the kind of personal point of view. It's just an idea who's time has come. We've seen so much television and heard so much radio that they can be parodied, we understand the formulas and we know how they can be busted and broken.

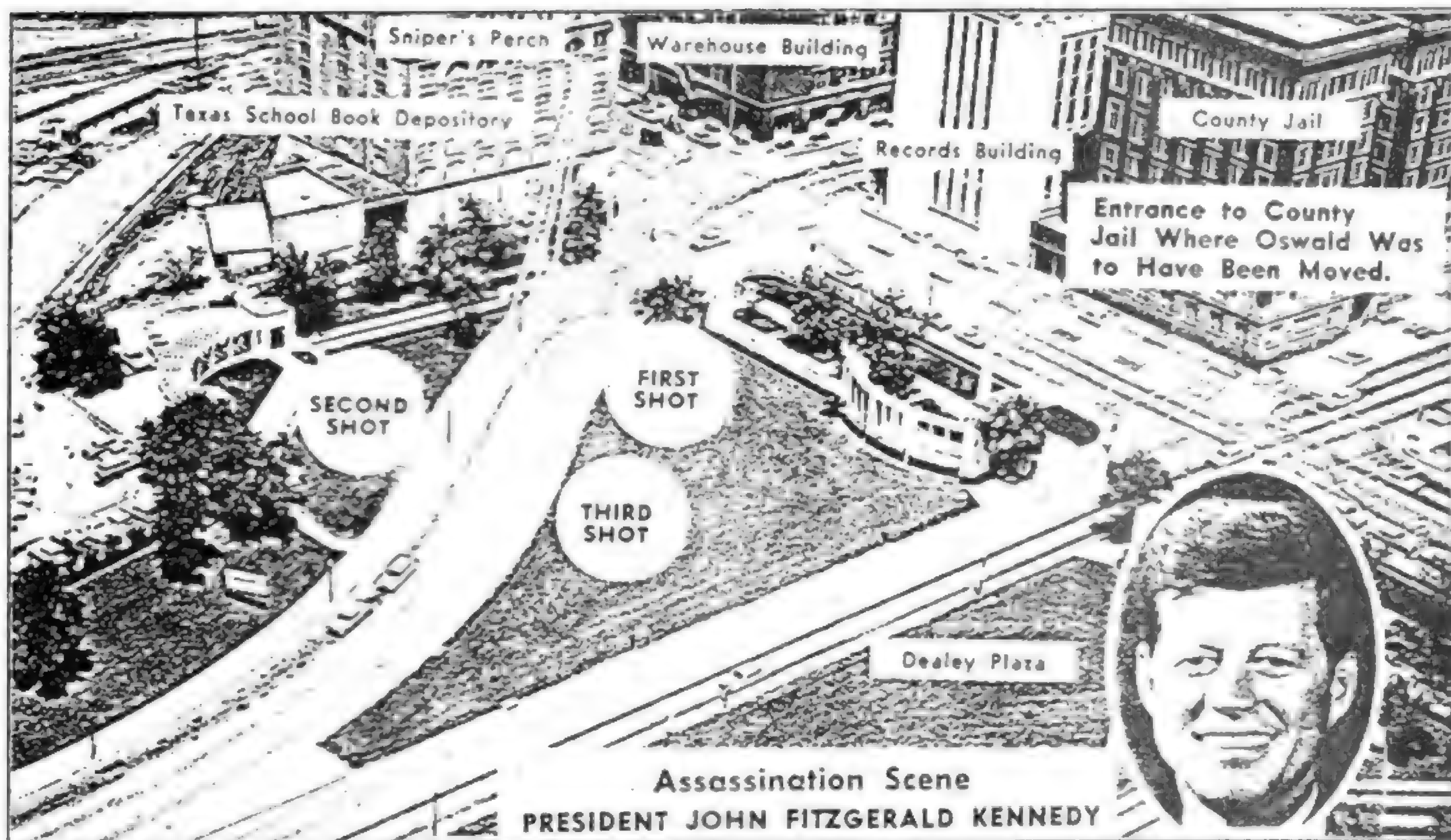
*What exactly is your theory of cinema povera?*

The fact that I'm broke! When you see that Hollywood is so fat, so wasteful and so bloated and that their ideas are so thin and so mediocre—I've long ago stopped being impressed by slick special effects—because you know that any bit of originality or quality is just a question of how many dollars they spend. *Terminator 2* for instance. Of course it looks great! They just bought the best people in the world with the best equipment to make that 5 second scene. That's not really a measure of value or quality anymore. Movies to me should go against that system and be ingenious as opposed to expensive. Make the most of what you've got, turn something that's stupid or dumb upside down, subvert it and make it a mark of imagination.

*Trib 99 reminded me of Woody Allen's **What's Up Tigerlily?**, in that it recycles images, turning shit into gold.*

And you can enjoy it in a sort of campy way because it's exploded, parodied, and we can see the formula nature of it. Then you can use that as a foundation for some further comedy. So all of a sudden you have like three levels of material going at the same time. I stole a film from the U.S. Army called *Know Your Enemy*, which was actually, basically made up of footage that they had stolen from the Vietnamese. So here was a film that was very crude, shot with a handheld 16mm camera by the Viet Cong that somehow found it's way back to the Armed Services Motion Picture





**His assassination must have been by an android like Oswald since no lone human being could possibly hit a distant moving target two times within 1.8 seconds.**

Department and turned around into a U.S. propaganda film. [Laughs] So I took that and turned that around into my own thing. So it was like a found film that was found, refound and then refound.

*And the jokes go both ways.*

Right, you don't feel sacrosanct or smug about being morally superior. I mean, the CIA is fucked, but you don't just wag your finger say, 'Oh, well, tsk, tsk' or that kind of thing. You're outraged, you want to express it, not in a passive way, but in an active way. You try to do something with your anger and outrage. If you really watch the film, you'll see it's a history. That it really just moves through the years from post-war to present day, as the CIA moved through these countries—Guatemala, Cuba, Chile, Granada, Nicaragua, El Salvador and Panama. They did a lot of other shit in other parts of the world, that's for

sure, but I wanted to concentrate on Latin America. *Which is natural because those countries have always been connected with weirdness, the Bermuda Triangle, the Mayans, etc. They already have a mystical history.*

incredible amount of footage in my collection that I just want to be seen. I mean, I love flying saucer footage! I make loops and watch it all the time, all night sometimes!

*What parts get the biggest laughs?*

**"I love flying saucer footage!  
I make loops and watch it  
all the time, all night!"**



People seem to respond best to the stuff about Castro because of the assassination attempts, which the audience really

Well, that gets into the whole network of the manipulation. I wanted to do something about Granada, so that became the voodoo thing, Castro brought about the whole James Bond connection. So you have to read through the mystical stories to get to the truth. I tried to disguise or masquerade each of the exposés within a kind of a comedic fantasy or myth that would be appropriate for the circumstances. But what really drove some of the segments depended somewhat on what footage I had to work with or what I really wanted to use. I have an

plugs into. It's outrageous when you think about it, so people really crack up. Toward the end, I don't know, it moves faster, it's more streamlined. There's some irony at the end there...but the earlier parts of the film rely more heavily on the horror movies of the 50s where you see the monsters and such, which people can more easily identify and laugh at.

*Up through the Kennedy assassination is very funny because those events have reached such a mythological level. All that stuff is pure history now and ripe for parody.*



10

# TRIBULATION 99: ALIEN ANOMALIES UNDER AMERICA

48 min/16mm & video  
FILM THREAT VIDEO

This is one of the greatest films to make use of found footage and a must see! Somehow every conspiracy theory and paranormal myth imaginable ties together; Easter Island, the JFK assassination, the CIA, UFOs, the Bermuda Triangle, the Sandanistas, etc. as director and narrator Craig Baldwin mixes real news footage with fifties "B" sci-fi movies and documentary clips to create a story that, at times, actually makes sense.

Here's the story: 1,000 years ago an alien race called the Quetzals came to Earth after their planet blew up, inhabiting the hollow center until fallout from U.S. A-bomb tests mutated their genitals to the point that they were forced to mate with snakes in order to perpetuate themselves. Understand? You never will.

The film brings back my fond affection for those Sun Classic pictures that came to town for a week when I was a kid—you know, the ones that always explored the evidence proving aliens visited the earth thousands of years ago, or recreated life-after-death experiences with plenty of brightly glowing lights.

I find myself watching **Trib 99** over and over trying to seek new meaning in Baldwin's haunting and disturbing narration, but sometimes just leave it on the while I read a magazine and listen to the stereo (simultaneously, of course). If a friend comes over while I'm watching this mind-numbing video and asks about it, I explain, "This film has the answer to everything!" Even mainstream movie rag *Premiere* gave the film a high recommendation. The whole point of purchasing a video should be that you will watch it over and over again and want to show your friends—**Tribulation 99** is that kind of video!

—Christian Gore



Pancho Villa's cranium is held by Yale's Skull And Bones Society, George Bush's fraternity.

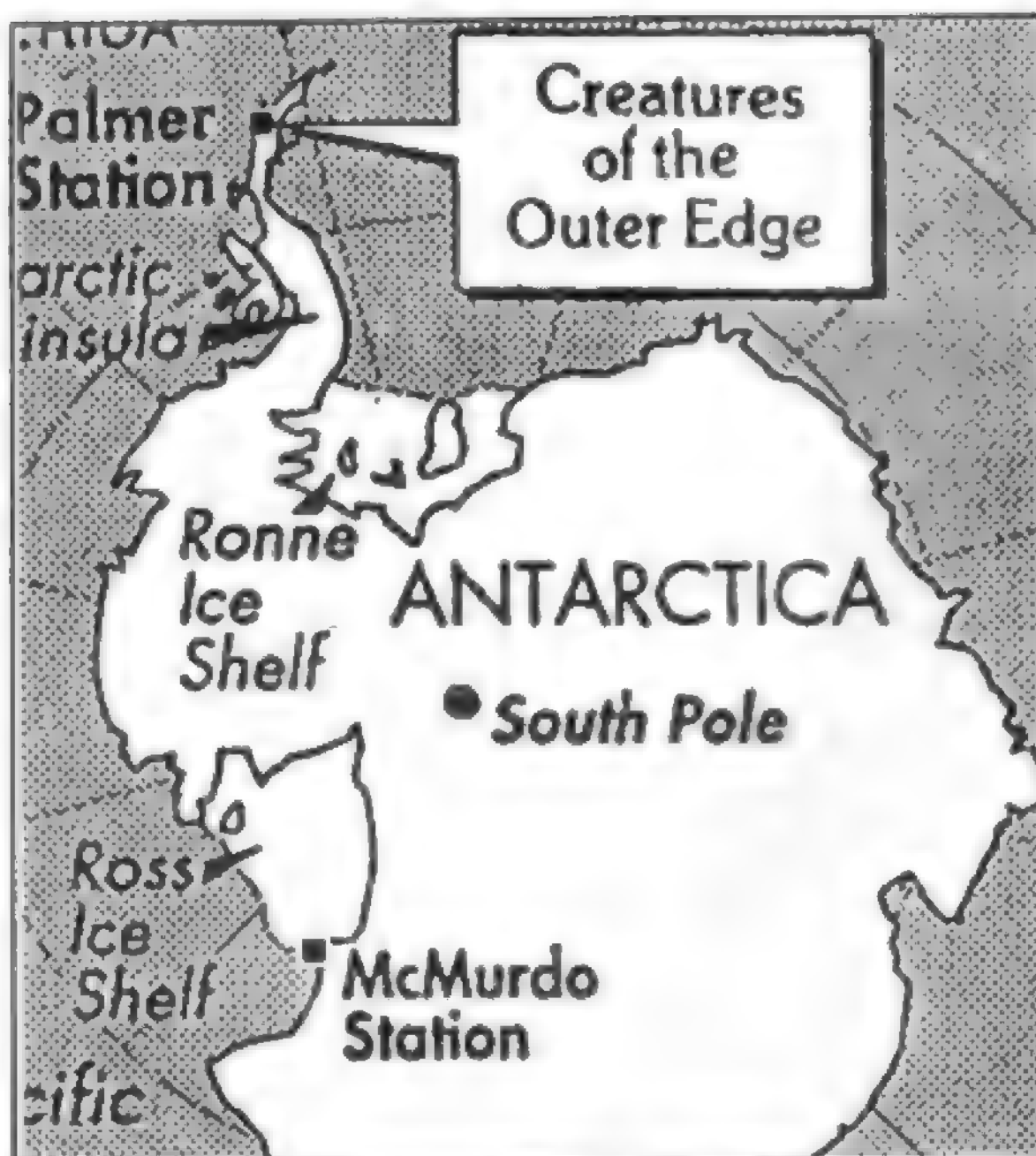
The more modern stuff you've read about in newspapers—'Oh, yeah, I saw that Panama stuff on CNN.' But when you say the word 'Kennedy,' it's like this kind of fantasy. Which is exactly what the film is trying to do: explore myths and paranoid visions versus real history to see how they blend in together. Everything that has been broadcast as 'news' on TV is fantasy anyways, the way it's totally constructed and manipulated by the powers that be. It all just a bunch of racist, paranoid visions that are projected in the form of news.

*Are you just preaching to the converted or do you find your film reaches other audiences?*

It's less of a problem for me than other political filmmakers. But it is a problem. You get people who agree with you on every point and pat themselves on the back for being right. But the film is experimental on a lot of levels including the basis of creating a new audience for this kind of subject matter and humor. The film too is not so precious that it can only play in art theatres, but it could also play in bars, anywhere there are people. It's supposed to be popular. It hasn't been as successful as *Roger & Me*, but for something essentially made in my garage, it has managed to reach out to

a wide audience, even the damaged, *Psychotronic*, rock n' roll type audience. [Laughs] My motivation is that I'm totally against this preciousness of art, which I think has driven a lot of people screaming from the galleries. First of all, a lot of artists are totally egotistical, which I think is stupid, but it's basically a reflection of their suburban background. As if, instead of being a Yuppie banker they decided to be an artist. It's just a career move for them! That's fucked up. The idea should be that you want to interact with people, be current and be a part of what's going on. And with my film, there's so much imagery in there that's popular or public anyway that I could hardly lay exclusive claim to it. So the proper place for it is in a public venue. I'm just not interested in this mystique where you must go to such and such a point at midnight to see my films. That's cult! I like an audience whether it be five or fifty-five. It's okay if people laugh, if things are seen in circumstances under which are not completely, absolutely under my control. A lot of these artists are little crypto-fascists who want to totally create only one situation so their work can be shown. Which is fine, and a lot of people do that, but I think things move much too quickly in reality, in this day and age for that. (FTV6)





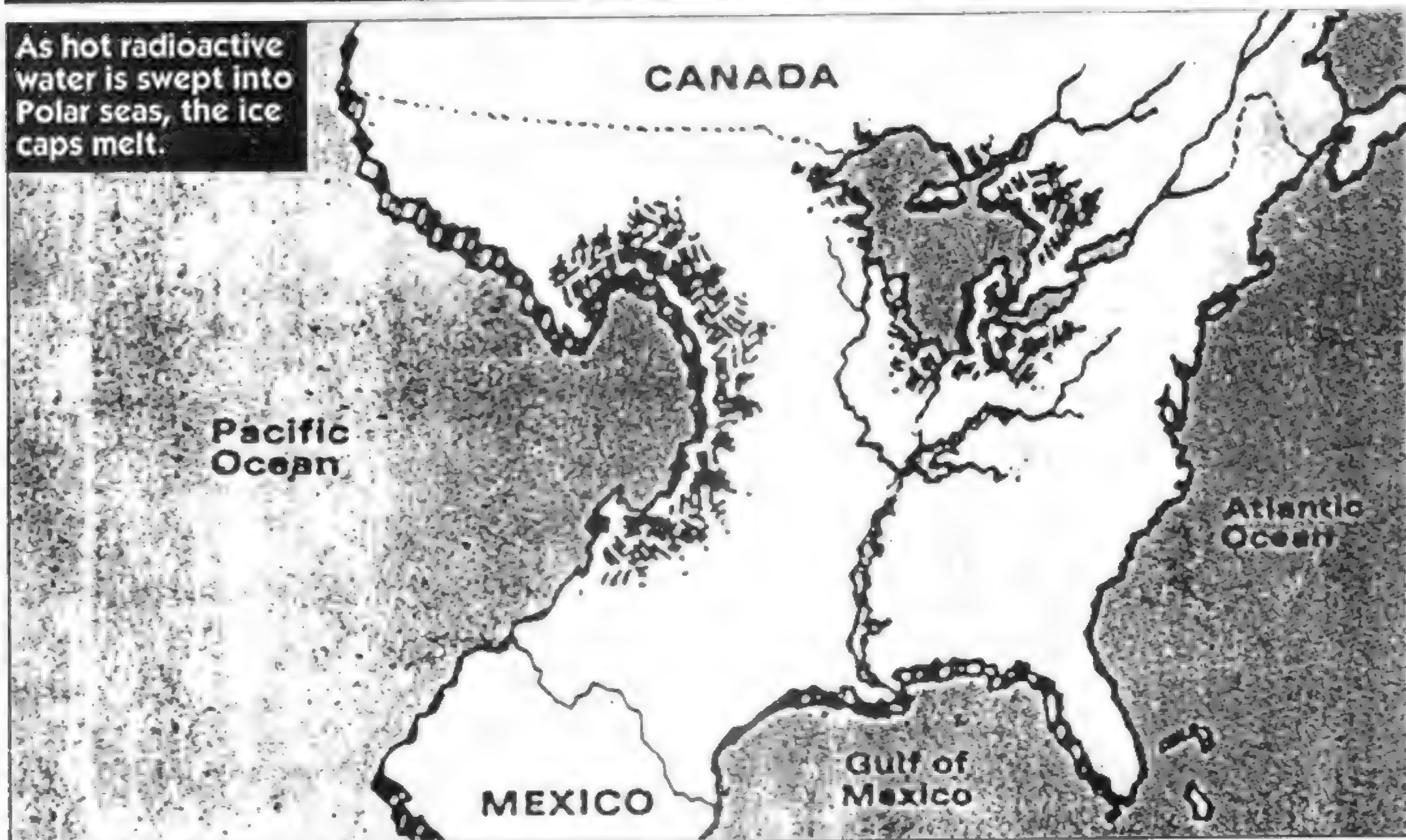
Creatures  
of the  
Outer Edge

The would-be overlords unleash a valley of high amplitude, extreme low-frequency, electro-gravitational pulses beneath peaceful Nicaragua. The 6.2 seismic convulsions shatter the continental crust like a pierced shriek does a glass gauntlet.



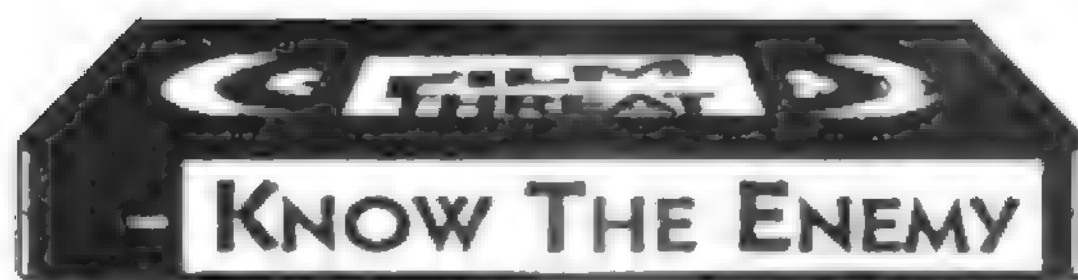
The destruction of the Earth's ozone smacks of a sinister scheme to increase ultra-violet radiation generally and so induce skin cancer in those most vulnerable: the planet's white people.

As hot radioactive water is swept into Polar seas, the ice caps melt.



# IMAGES OF THE APOCALYPSE FROM TRIBULATION 99





*After the stunning success of THE ADDAMS FAMILY and the final (HA!) STAR TREK film, which 1960s era small screen relic will be remade next?*

*By Rowdy Yates*



Brandon Tartikoff

*Help Brandon choose which TV show should get the next \$40 million big screen makeover!*



### FAX FORM

**COMPANY:** Paramount Pictures (Home of *Star Trek* & *The Addams Family*)

**TO:** Brandon Tartikoff (The Big Cheese)

**FAX #:** 213-956-5555

**FROM:**

**MESSAGE:** I would like to see my favorite TV show (circled below) made into a big-screen epic. Please take me seriously.



The Munsters

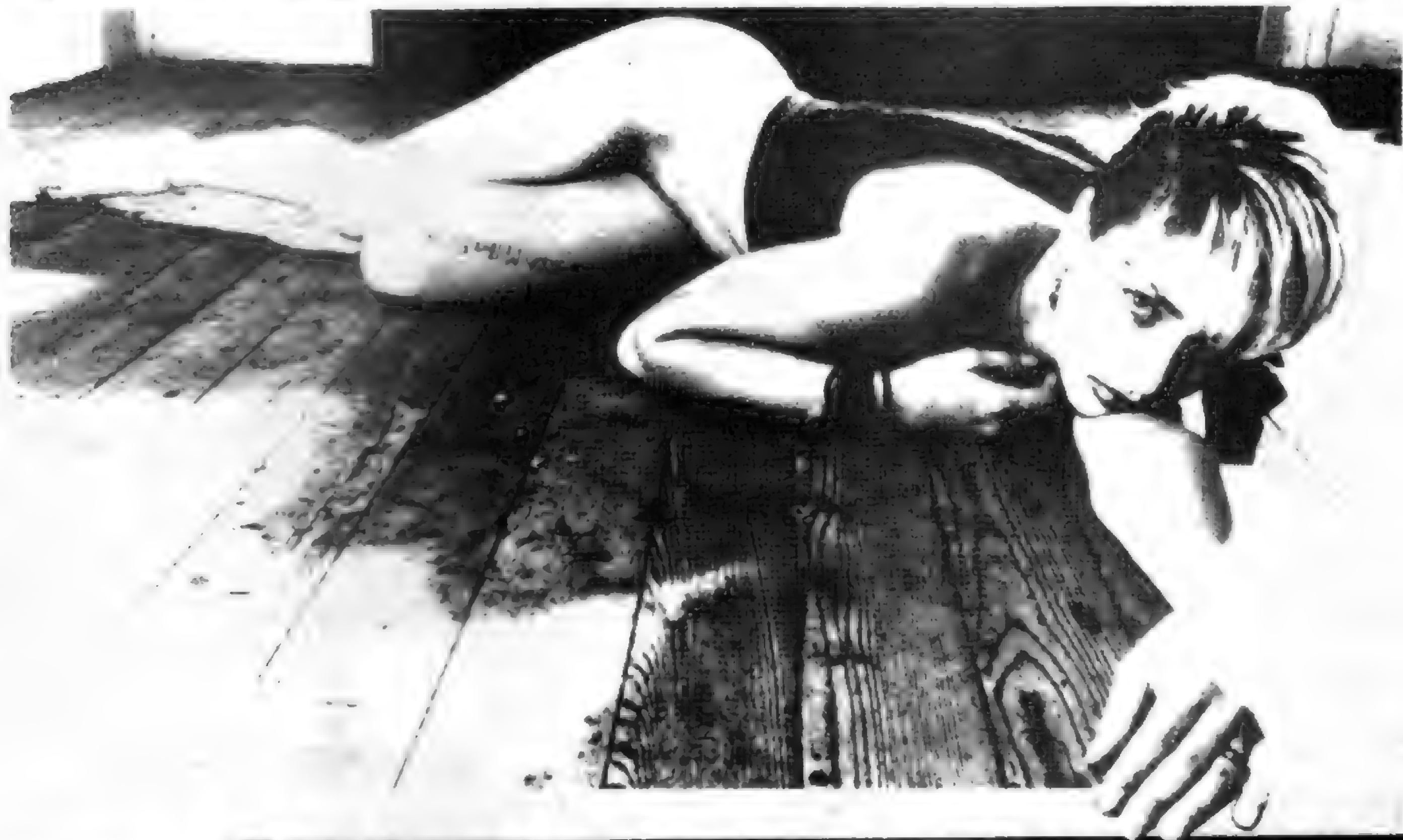


Lost In Space

Alternate \_\_\_\_\_



# HARDCORE R. KERN



**THE BEST  
COLLECTION  
OF NYC  
UNDER-  
GROUND  
FILMS ON  
VIDEO  
EVER!**

All on one  
tape for only  
**\$29.95**

**FILM  
THREAT  
VIDEO**

## HARDCORE R. KERN VOLUME I



**THE RIGHT SIDE OF MY BRAIN**  
(1984) with Lydia Lunch,  
Henry Rollins, Clint Ruin.  
Music by J. G. Thirwell.  
Lydia rants, raves and gets  
raped. 23 min.



**THE MANHATTAN LOVE SUICIDES**  
(1985) with Tommy  
Turner, James Harding.  
Sick suicides in Soho.  
35 min

**SUBMIT TO ME** (1986) with  
Lydia Lunch, Lung Leg.  
Sex and death. 8 min.



**DEATH VALLEY 69** (1986) with  
Sonic Youth, Lydia  
Lunch. Mind-blowing  
music video by Sonic  
Youth. 5 min.



**YOU KILLED ME FIRST** (1986)  
with Lung Leg, Karen  
Finley. A demented  
coming of age story that  
climaxes in a confused  
girl's rage as she kills her  
entire family. 12 min.

*Plus the new, never-before  
seen film—NAZI (1991)*

**AN EXPLOSIVE 90 MINUTES!**

This tape is absolutely **ADULTS ONLY!** All films © DeathTrip Films





# ZEN & THE ART OF STORYBOARDING

*A guide by BRENDAN MCCARTHY, England's premiere storyboard and comic artist*

*From an interview by Chris Campion*



McCarthy's production painting for *HIGHLANDER 2*, directed by Russell Mulcahey.

**B**RENDAN MCCARTHY IS an artist who storyboards Hollywood movies from his home in England, where he is better known as a comic book artist. Being a comic creator who also works in the film industry is not an unusual phenomenon. For years comics people have found their talents to be well-suited to gaining them entry into Hollywood. From the pioneering animation of Winsor McCay's *Gertie the Dinosaur* to Frank Miller's not so pioneering scripts for *RoboCop 2 & 3*, this cross-breeding is in some part due to the

influence of the Hollywood narrative film on the modern comic book. An exception to this rule is Brendan McCarthy, who comes from the 'avant-garde' of comics. His free-form stream-of-consciousness comics have little or no resemblance to the narrative structure required for storyboarding Hollywood blockbusters in particular. This is what makes McCarthy's contribution to Hollywood all the more interesting!

The comics 'renaissance' and the attendant late eighties media adulation was highly influenced by McCarthy's seminal work, *Strange Days*, the three-

issue comic series he produced in the early eighties with Pete Milligan and Brett Ewins. A bizarre fusion of psychedelic philosophy, post apocalyptic sci-fi and pop art culture, it contained three very diverse serialized stories, *FreakWave*, *Johnny Nemo* and *Paradox*.

*FreakWave's* extremely weird dream-logic storyline featured a post apocalyptic scenario, replete with mutants housed in a gigantic floating J.F.K.-head and a Messianic surfer. *FreakWave* was the reference bible for future 'weirdster' comic strips like *Doom Patrol*, and its tribal psychedelia



spawned a new wave of artists like Jamie (*Tank Girl*) Hewlett, Phillip Bond and the anarcho-hippy *Deadline* comic. Milligan and Ewins' Johnny Nemo character was a hard-boiled futuristic detective who lived in New London. Paradax, the world's first media superhero, appeared years before Alan Moore's media darling, *Watchmen*, and later reappeared in his own two-issue series, featuring the story re-mixed from *Strange Days* and McCarthy's *Mirkin The Mystic*, which hugely pre-empted the whole Aleister Crowley-psychedelia revival currently in vogue.

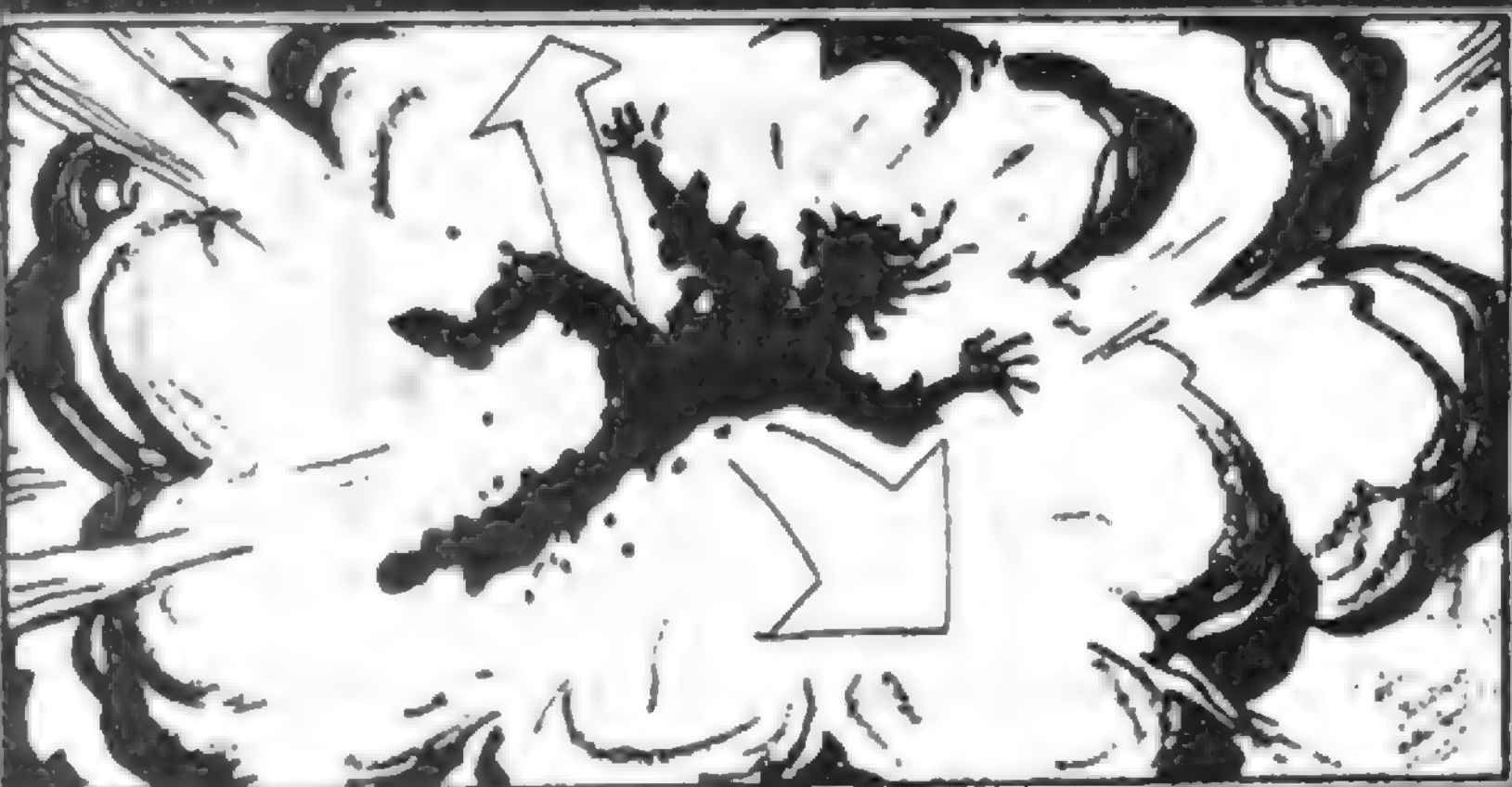
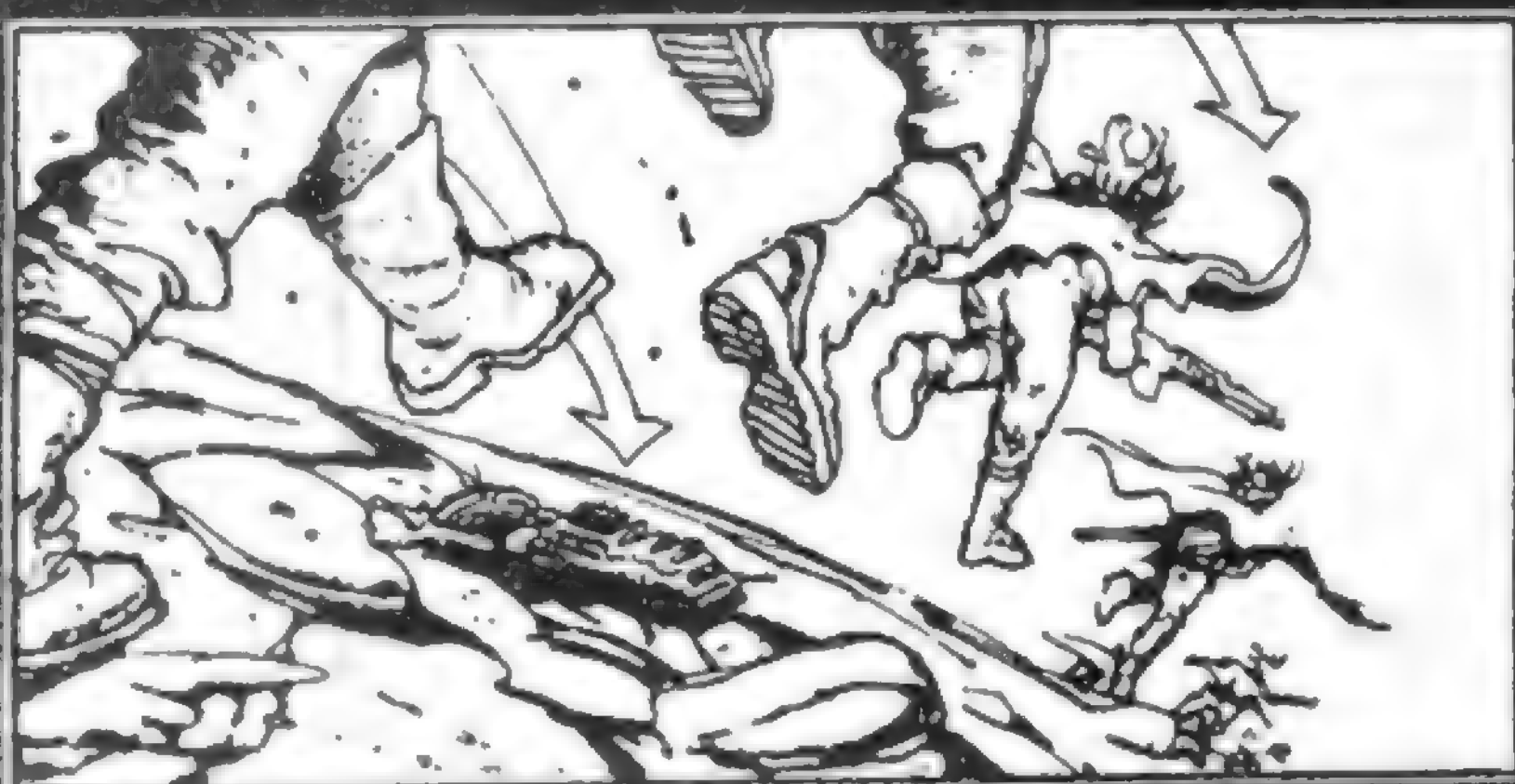
At the same time Brendan has been building a reputation for himself in production design and storyboarding for film and television. Films that he has worked on include: *Enemy Mine*, *Highlander 2*, and the first *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* movie.

I talked to Brendan McCarthy in his studio, situated in the attic of his London house. I mostly slept while he talked about his work in the film industry and the influence of Zen Skinheadism on his work.

### McCARTHY ON JUGGLING TWO CAREERS

When I was younger my ambition was to produce a set of classic comics for the American market. When I grew up the stuff that you'd aspire to were the *Kaluta Shadow's* or the Barry Smith *Conan's*, and these are the kind of things that as a kid I said 'right I'm going to do that', so I've done that. I've done my classic comics, *Strange Days* and *Paradax*, and I feel like I've said what I wanted to say. My body of work is small, but of extremely high quality and it has, as it turns out, and as I knew it would be, very influential on younger creators.

The last major comic piece I did was called *Rogan Gosh*, which was an Indian science fiction strip. It actually took so much time to do, that I can't afford to do it unless I've spent six months beforehand doing some kind of commercial movies, so that I've got some money in the bank to finance it. One of the strange aspects of doing a lot of film work is that a lot of work



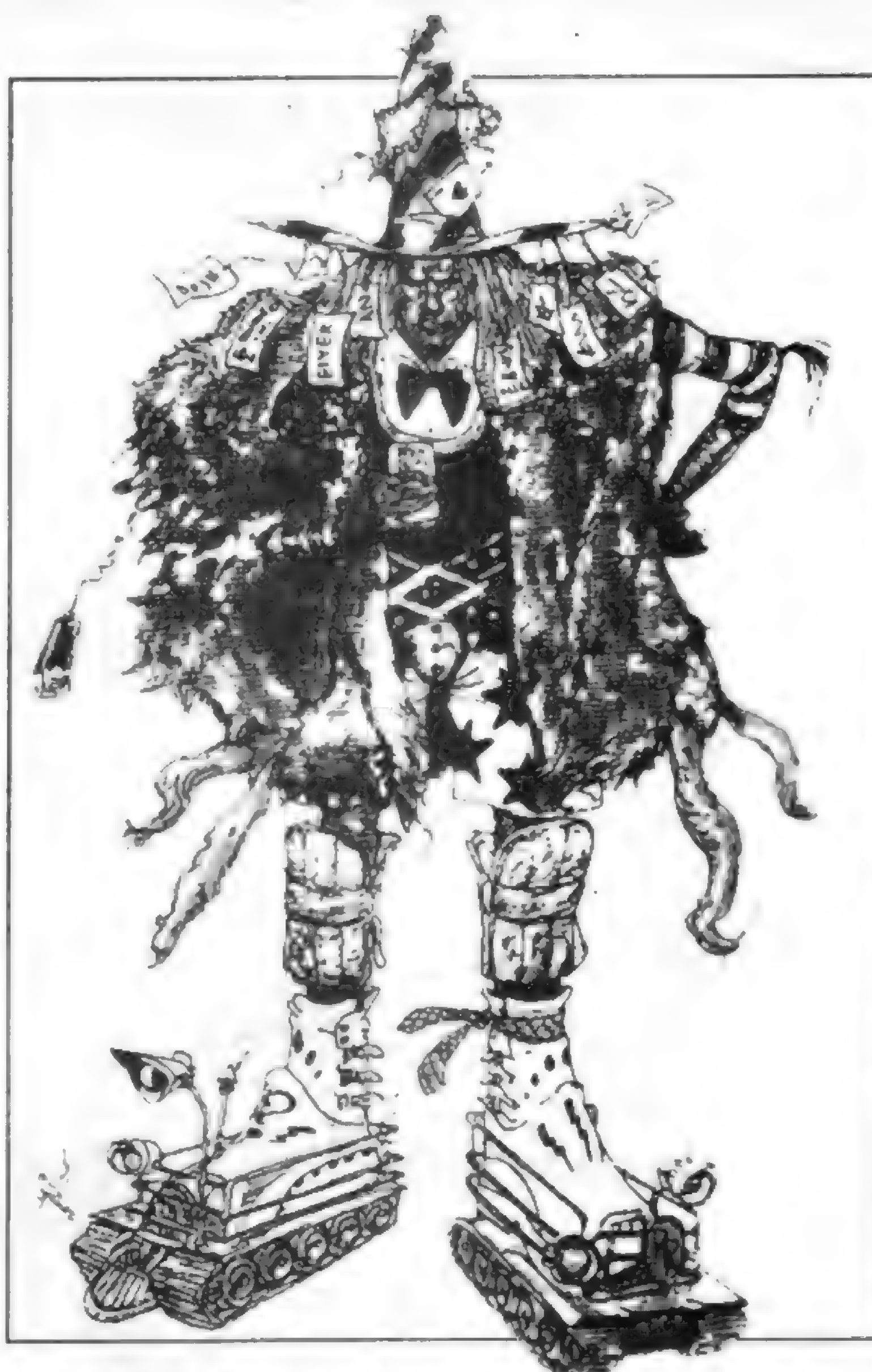
McCarthy's storyboards for a scrapped *HIGHLANDER 2* battle sequence.



you do doesn't get seen. It's just flushed down the lavatory when the film's finished. So one big Hollywood movie pays for one extremely bizarre and curious comic strip

Most of the storyboarding that I've done has been on films using special effects and those tend to be boarded quite thoroughly, so that each shot can be looked at and budgeted. It helps the director see the film on paper from another angle, a visual one rather than just the script. Also it's often used as a method of selling the picture because the films are sometimes not fully financed when they go into pre-production. Thirdly, it's a method of budgeting used by producers to see what they are going to be getting for their money.

What I do depends on the director. A director I've worked with a lot is Steve Barron, who directed *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, *Electric Dreams* and innumerable TV commercials and pop promos. He says he likes to use me in particular because he finds my approach very creative. He also likes a lot of creative input from the storyboarding. Storyboards, with directors like that, allow another level of creativity to go into the project before it actually gets committed to film. On *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, I would say another 10 percent of action and interaction between characters, little vignettes, stuff like fight scenes, all these things were worked out at storyboard level. In a film like *Turtles*, there are sequences in the movie that



**"I thought TWIN PEAKS became very comic strip in flavor, at times to ill-effect."**

are just word for word by the board. Each shot correlates to the storyboard in a very clear way. It's quite gratifying to realize that a lot of the sequences I board are grammatically correct in terms of film narrative and they get put up there without too much change. I feel quite confident in my ability to tell a story in pictures.

Some directors can be more dictatorial and they tend to take affront if you suggest an idea if it's not theirs. So you sometimes have to go through an ego massaging process, where the idea

you suggest somehow has to become their idea for it to be accepted, that kind of shit. I don't know why they get that bothered, because in the end they're the ones that are going to get all the credit anyway!

Just like I started off at the bottom of comics and had to work myself into a position where I could then do something, it's the same with film. I've built up credibility as somebody who can board big international 30 million dollar plus budget movies, and I can handle it.

In film and television the advantage of using very creative comic book artists (or other artists like H.R. Giger) is that we have very free imaginations. That's why something like Pee Wee Herman's movies can work. In fact, you can see the influence of that in Tim Burton's stuff, less so with *Batman* which is his straightest movie, but particularly in *Beetlejuice* and the first Pee Wee movie you can see his roots as an animator. *Edward Scissorhands* has that imaginative 'offbeat' feel to it as well. David Lynch has it too. I thought *Twin Peaks* became very comic strip in flavor, at times to ill-effect.

The time has come to make a film that actually induces a state of altered consciousness into people. All films do to a certain degree, when you're actually involved in a film and emotionally responding to it. You're involved in a different kind of reality, even though it's fantasy. A mixture of subliminals and psychic drama could actually induce a catharsis in the audience and even enlighten them. I think you'd have to do it through the sequel to *The Sound Of Music*, or something, to lure the crowds in, and then trick



them into a state of high enlightened consciousness. Julie Andrews as the Messiah!

Then again, I'm somebody who went to see the film *2001: A Space Odyssey* 25 times with this other guy, another comic artist called Brett Ewins, and we basically had a competition to see who could see *2001* the most times. After about the twentieth time of watching *2001* it starts to become this outrageous comedy, where all sorts of things that you don't notice in the film you suddenly start to see. You stop looking at the drama of the film and you start looking into it a lot more, and start to look into the background. The only other film I've seen as much as that is *Mad Max 2: The Road Warrior*, which I've got a lot of time for. Obviously some of the acting in that film was atrocious but that was a very influential movie. I think what *Road Warrior* did was redefine the archetype of the lone warrior and give it that nuclear trash chic. Almost every action-smash stunt in *Terminator 2* was influenced by George Miller's fabulous original.



Eight years ago I got on a plane and went out to Hollywood and had a go of it myself. But really Hollywood is not a game for maverick individuals. There's a system there. It's an agent system. It's a studio system. In Hollywood I began to realize that in order to get a good Hollywood agent, you almost need an agent to get an agent. Each time a film like *Terminator* comes out, if that does well, then you get a slew of imitation

movies. Just like when *Batman* came out you had a few superhero films done in its wake. But with *Terminator 2* you may find that it opens up the area for science fiction, high energy action movies again. Then it may be time to give *FreakWave* an airing. It's just trends that Hollywood tends to follow. It tends to be very slavish. The success of *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* had the effect of activating a lot of dinosaur movies. There this Henson dinosaur series and you've got Spielberg wanting to do *Jurassic Park*.

When *Strange Days* came out it was way ahead of its time. It's not a cinematic style comic like Miller and Moore's stuff were. I see no reason why comics need to be filmic in their structure at all. It's just one way of doing them. Unfortunately it has become the only way of doing them, and if you don't do filmic comics somehow your work in a sense is found to be lacking. **[FTV]**



**"If Ah don't git me a copy o' COMIKAZE soon...**

**Ahm a gonna empty my bowels on your doorstep!"**

COMIKAZE IS: • INDIE COMIX • INDIE BANDS • PRANKS  
• CHAOTIC ART • JUNK CULTURE • NUDE NUNS

**P.O. BOX 1145; ROYAL OAK, MI; 48068-1145**

**MENTION FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE AND KNOCK 50¢ OFF!**

**\$2<sup>95</sup>**  
**PPD**

PHOTO MANIPULATION OF DIGITS BY DAVID LINABURY





## THE REASON WHY WE SHOULD STRANGLE MTV IN ITS CRIB BEFORE IT BREEDS

A FEW DAYS AGO, AS I write this, the Vanilla Ice film *Cool As Ice* saw release through Universal in a major publicity blitz. Although it never saw the light of any critic previews (and with damn good reason, as this sucker is about as indulgent as *Under the Cherry Moon*), the film marks a high point in the crapper's, uh, I mean rapper's career: he actually admits his Dallas roots without being held at gunpoint.

Yes, we Dallasites are loath to

admit, we brought the world one thing that did to pop music what the Kennedy assassination did to politics: Vanilla Ice Milk. The boy who went platinum not through talent and determination, but by borrowing a few thou from his daddy to start his recording career and lying about his origins and history. The superstar, who now admits that his real name is Robbie Van Winkle, not because of threats from the dreaded teen gangs of the Dallas Galleria, but because every damn magazine from *Spin* to *Spy* let loose the straight dope: he was a spoilt suburban kid from Carrollton who got his nickname when the R.L. Turner High School principal wouldn't let him use his old nickname, "Muff Buster," on his pep team jersey.

Yeah, we yokels from Big D aren't without sense. Were he the next Buddy Holly or Sid Vicious, we'd probably dedicate a statue to him somewhere in Fair Park, so the winos and starving musicians have some place to piss, but since he isn't, we merely spend our time howling about how nuts like him and Eddie Brickell take off while the real musicians here have to move to Austin to get recognition. Mr. Rob is so well loved here that when *The Dallas Observer*, our local excuse for an alternative paper, ran its Music Awards earlier this year, he was voted the Worst Thing to Happen to Dallas Music in 1990. And this was in a year that brought us both the deaths of Stevie Ray Vaughn and Locos Gringos lead singer Pepe Lopez (whenever you see one of those "Fuck You: We're From Texas" T-shirts around, you have Locos Gringos to thank). Yep, he's about as popular as a coherent thought at a sorority ball, or a liar in Carrollton in general.

The tie-in with movies? Well, it depends how you look at it. Were I more vindictive, I would compare the release of *Cool As Ice*

with the hardcover release of Harlan Ellison's *Spider Kiss*, the definitive book on self-destructive flashes-in-the-pan (and thereby ask The Ice Man to autograph it the same way I want Robert Tilton, Dallas' Oral Roberts, to sign my copy of *Elmer Gantry*), as the horror of dozens of Vanilla Ice movies rightly should raise calls for the burning of Hollywood. However, since the boy acts with all the flair of a Romero zombie, feet weighted down by anvils and pumped full of Thorazine, trying to navigate the bottom of the Cayman Trench while reciting the U.S.

Constitution backwards, I'm not too worried. However, we also thought the same for the *Jaws* films after *Jaws II*, and somehow I can see ol' Sid Sheinberg at Universal demanding franchise rights for an "Ice Ice Baby" ride at Universal City Florida if this sucker makes one penny of profit.

If it doesn't, then expect to see a lot of heads stuck on flagpoles in Universal's camp. Anybody who believes Robbie's line deserves what they get.

POSTSCRIPT: *Cool As Ice* has received the dubious distinction of not only being a commercial disaster, but with a two-week take of a reported \$200,000, being one of the biggest failures of all time, counting inflation into it. Although MCA-Universal announced a video release for December 18, if the vid does as poorly as the theatrical presentation, then we'll have repeats of Robbie's antics on cable for the next few billion years just to pay for it. This will be something for *Psychotronic* to get to about 20 years from now. **BTVG**

*Paul tells people that he's the illegitimate son of Hunter S. Thompson and Molly Ivins, but his folks say differently.*

Comments or death threats may be sent to:  
PO Box 811852, Dallas, Texas 75381





# SHAMELESS PLUG!

*Without making excuses or looking for cover, here's an oblique look at director CARL SUKENICK's upcoming film MUTANT MASSACRE 2.*

*By Rowdy Yates*

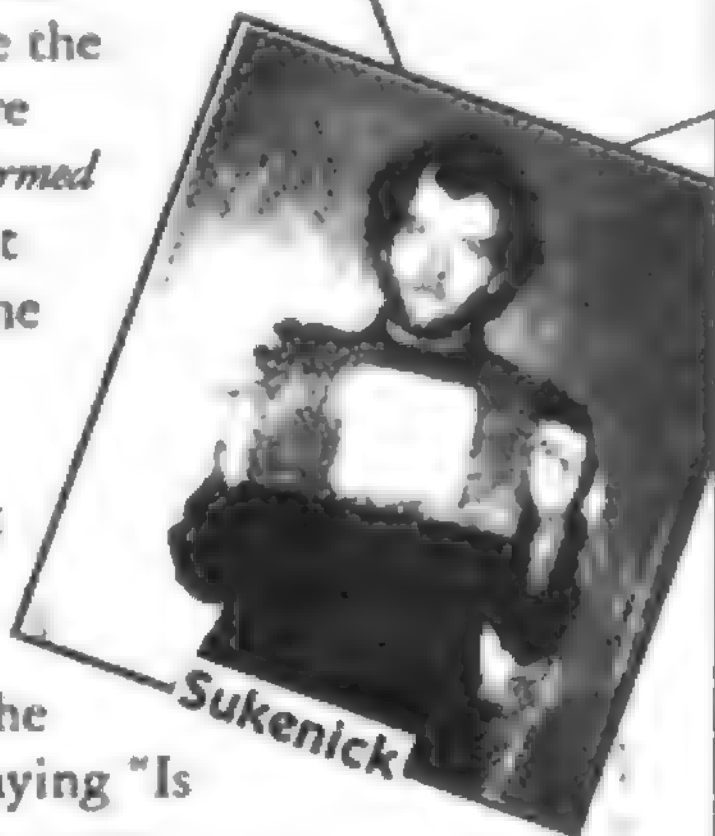
**A** KIN TO A BAD MEXICAN dinner, New Jerseyite filmmaker Carl J. Sukenick has come back to haunt me with a cruel vengeance. And like Montazuma's Revenge, it seems that there's only one way to ease my suffering: to just let it all out.

Several readers have called in the last month to inquire about an ad Sukenick placed in last issue for his film *Mutant Massacre*. As with all films that come equipped with hefty ad checks, we felt compelled to watch his film just to see what it was about, run a review and give the buyers out there a little more information to make an *informed* decision as to whether or not they wanted to buy it. So the screener tape was passed around the office to find someone interested in doing the review. Fortunately, editor Dave (noticing that nobody could get through the first five minutes without saying "Is this a joke?"), took the chore upon himself (much to our relief).

So I thought that would be that, Sukenick sent the tape and money and we ran the so-so review plus the ad. Seemed like a fair shake, huh? Well, that's what I thought until we got *Mutant Massacre 2* in the mail.

First off, who is this guy Sukenick? How can he afford to advertise his films in our mag, *Fangoria* and *Filmfax*? Secondly, are his films really some kind of twisted joke as one

Sukenick sleeping (something off?)



Sukenick



Sukenick dead?

hearing that he is of say, *perfectly sound mind*.

Like the first installment of this opus, *MM2* fails to adhere to any of the fundamental aspects of filmmaking (i.e. proper focus, framing, lighting, editing, etc.).

However, as Dave pointed out in his tactful review of *MM1*, this shot-on-video effort isn't without (seemingly unintentional) humor and some scenes that could be construed as having a mildly hallucinogenic effect on the viewer.

Chris Gore, after perusing these photos, commented, "That guy looks like a loon, he looks like a maniac."

While I won't disagree, these may be somewhat harsher words that I'd use in describing Sukenick. In fact, I'd be afraid to call someone so

obviously unpredictable a "loon." But I guess that's why Gore is the publisher and I'm just a lowly contributor."

Some of you may wonder exactly what I'm trying to say here. This is, after all, the "Shameless Plug!" Well, since I only watched the first five minutes of *MM2* before deciding the whole thing must be a joke, I'm just saying enough to fill this page. **[TVG]**

might assume from both the film's title and ad?

Because I've never actually talked to Sukenick (admittedly, I was too weirded-out by just the prospect of interviewing a possible space-case), I would never claim that he is either mentally deranged or insane in any way, but after watching (and this I actually did) *Mutant Massacre 2*, I would be loathe to testify in any open





# Classic

# BACK ISSUE SALE



9 Terry Gilliam, Sam Raimi, Scott Spiegel, Josh Becker.



10 Nick Zedd, Stallone Contese, Politics, Comics.



13 Charles Bukowski, Sam Raimi's Super 8 films



14 Russ Meyer, Divine, Zedd, Richard Kern



16 Fassbinder, George Romero, Manson & More!



17 James Dean Issue, Elvira, George Kuchar.



19 Horror Issue, Clive Barker, Nick Cave, SRL.



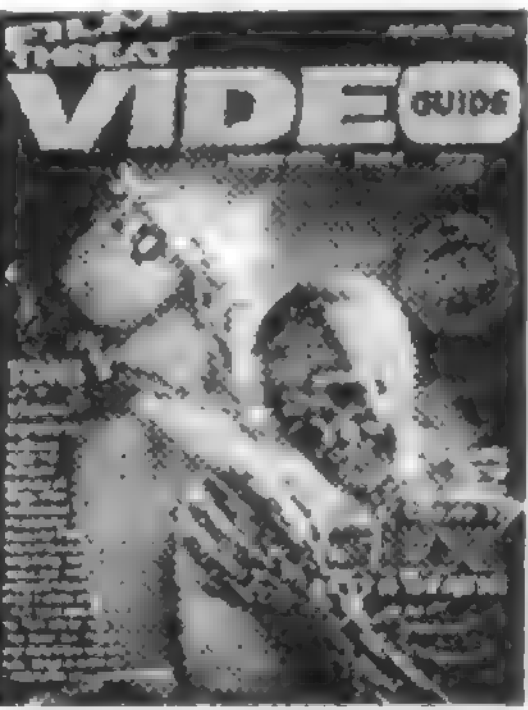
20 Todd Haynes, Kitten Natividad, Lydia Lunch



21 John Waters & Traci Lords, Dark Bros.



FTVG#1 David Lynch, Henry Lee Lucas, Videos.



FTVG#3 Nekromantik, Sick Horror Issue.

ONLY \$4.00 EACH!

Yes! Send me these *Classic FILM THREAT* back issues before some pathetic nerd puts one in a plastic bag and tells me it's a collector's item worth 50 bucks!

09 010 013 014 016 017 019 020 021 0FTVG1 0FTVG3

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

TOTAL of Mags \_\_\_\_\_

Add 75¢ S/H per issue \_\_\_\_\_

GRAND TOTAL \_\_\_\_\_

SEND CHECK OR M.O. TO:

FILM THREAT Back Issues

PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170

CANADIAN & FOREIGN ORDERS ADD \$1.00 PER ISSUE

(Offer expires 5/30/92 While supplies last.)



# GET INTO THE MOVIES FOR HALF PRICE!

SPECIAL CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION RATE

**1 YEAR ONLY \$10.50!**

**SAVE 50% OFF THE COVER PRICE**

**YES!**

Sign me up for 1 year (6 issues)  
of **FILM THREAT** for only \$10.50.  
I'll save 50% off the cover price  
and pay just \$1.75 an issue!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Payment Enclosed    Charge My:    ☐ Visa    ☐ MC

# \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Make checks payable to L.F.P. Inc. Foreign add \$10 per year.  
Your first issue will arrive in 6-8 weeks. WATCH FOR IT! MONEY BACK ON ALL  
UNMAILED ISSUES IF NOT SATISFIED OFFER EXPIRES May 30, 1992

CUTV6.4

**FILM THREAT, P.O. Box 16928, N. Hollywood, CA 91615**





...DON'T FORGET...

(212) 815-8536

24 hours  
Theatre District



# GORGASM

The Ultimate Climax

Housewives & Coeds

24 hours.

\$24.95

**FILM  
THREAT™  
VIDEO**

# GORGASM

STARRING GABRIELA • RIK BILLOCK • PAULA HENDRICKS  
STORY BY HUGH GALLAGHER • CO-PRODUCER FLINT MITCHELL  
PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY HUGH GALLAGHER

## THEATRE CONCRETE

ELECTRIC THEATRE OF THE DISAPPEARANCE

PRESENTS

### "FEEDING FRENZY"

A SOCIAL-SURREALIST VIDEO OPERA

"This sprawling, jagged multimedia installation is antagonistic, bombastic, in-your-face art in the best Bay Area tradition... an electronic novel incorporating paintings, interactive kinetic sculptures and video to tell the story of our times through 'America's disappeared.'" CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE

"Frank Garvey is one of America's foremost video artists... his work shows the possibilities of video as an art form." FILMS INC.

"An awesome display... as courageous as it is profound." MICHAEL S. BELL, CRITIC

"With an overwhelming combination of image, sound and words, there is present ideas and inner feelings that could not possibly be comprehended in one sitting, and maybe not in 3 or 4. Breathtaking, unnerving." ILLINOIS ENTERTAINMENT



STARRING

JIM BURKHART

VIVIAN DAVIS | WAYNE BURKHART | RIK PEAKE  
HANNAH SIM | LORENZA BOTTNER | JACK WALLACE  
SIMONE

WRITTEN and DIRECTED by FRANK GARVEY

\$29.95

• 80 minutes •

Available Through

**FILM  
THREAT™  
VIDEO**

WARNING: CONTAINS SEXUALLY EXPLICIT SCENES  
YOU MUST BE AT LEAST 18 YEARS OLD TO PURCHASE THIS TAPE.  
PLEASE SEND A STATEMENT OF YOUR AGE WITH THE ORDER.



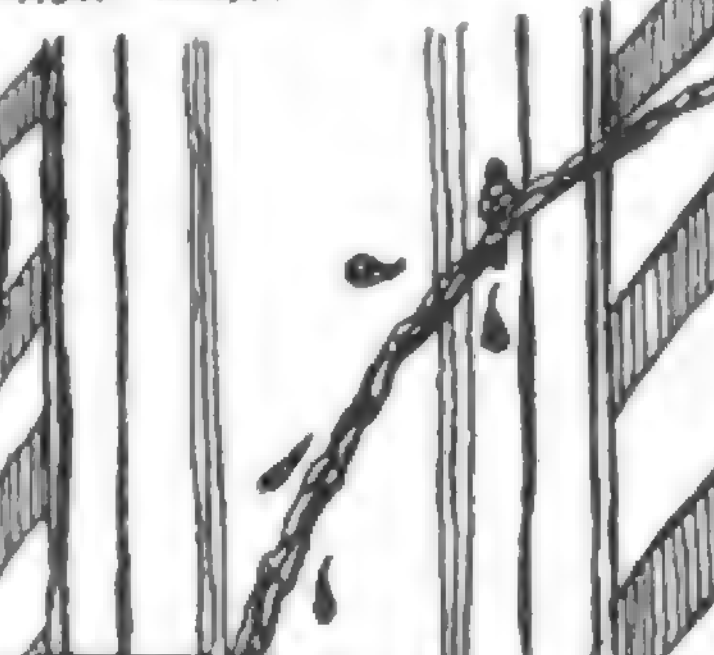
© 1991  
SCOTT  
RUSSO

A SHORT FILM IN SUPER-8.



YOU  
WANT  
ME TO PUT  
WHAT  
WHERE?

GETS IN, A LITTLE FASSET. YOU  
KNOW WHAT I MEAN.



thIRST.

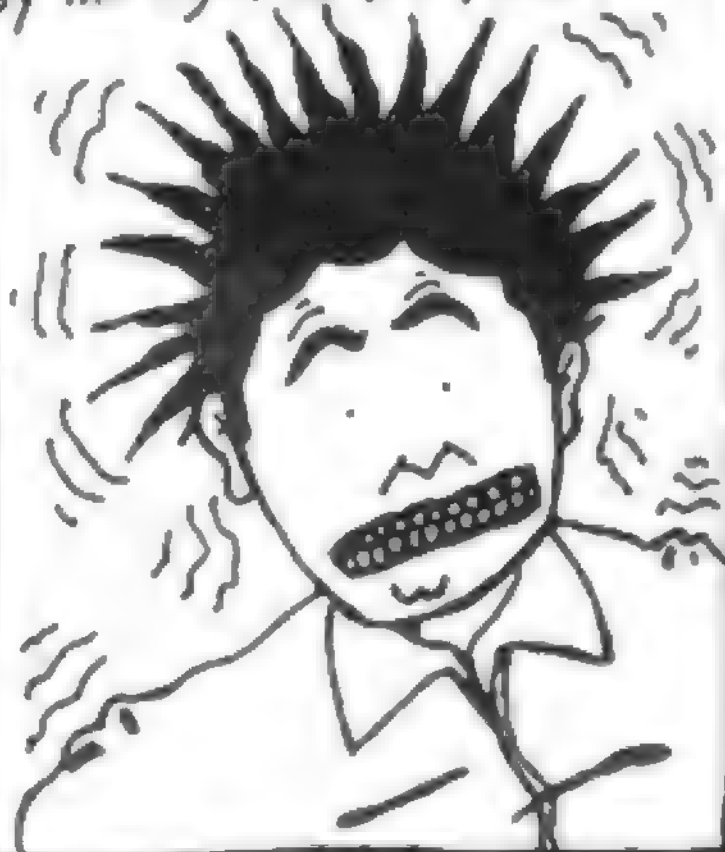




I had my cousin drink glass after glass of water. She drank so much she had to keep peeing.

I'm sorry Scott but I can't seem to stop... I think I swallowed the entire Atlantic Ocean.

We kept spilling water all over the place and I was worried we'd be electrocuted by the light on the floor.



Then there was a knock at the door. My cousin let her friend in and suddenly informed me that she was going to see a play in an hour.

What do you mean you're going to a play in an hour...

I...  
I...  
I...  
I...



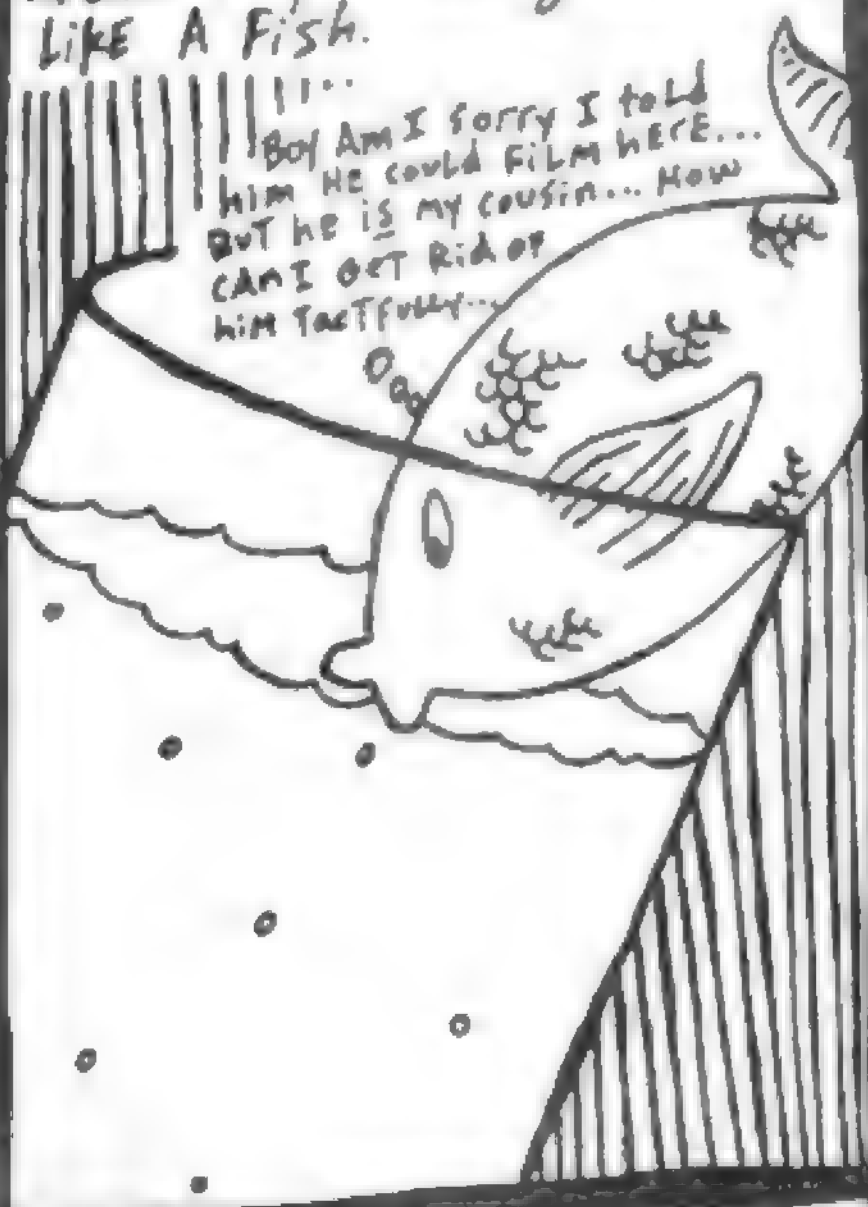
Suddenly, I had a new deadline. I was in a filming frenzy.

Okay... Okay... Okay... Okay... Let's film this quickly!



I made my cousin run all over the apartment like a madwoman, drinking water like a fish.

Boy am I sorry I told him he could film here... but he is my cousin... how can I get rid of him tactfully...



One scene required her to dive into the tub and frantically drink water right from the tap.



She ran into the bathroom, leaped for the tub, almost tore down the shower curtains, knocked over all her shampoos and lotions...



Then water got up her nose and she almost choked to death.

Maybe this is where I finally get to use my extensive CPR training that I learned from watching years of emergency on the tube.



Then we accidentally broke some drinking glasses and I smelled something burning.

Oh Jesus, I'm so sorry... What is that pungent odor? I'll buy you a new glass.



The spotlight had gotten so hot it melted a large chunk out of the T.V. set. The whole apartment stank of burnt plastic.





My COUSIN WAS SOAKED  
AND FREEZING.



THE APARTMENT WAS  
FLOODED.



SHE WAS LATE FOR  
THE PLAY.



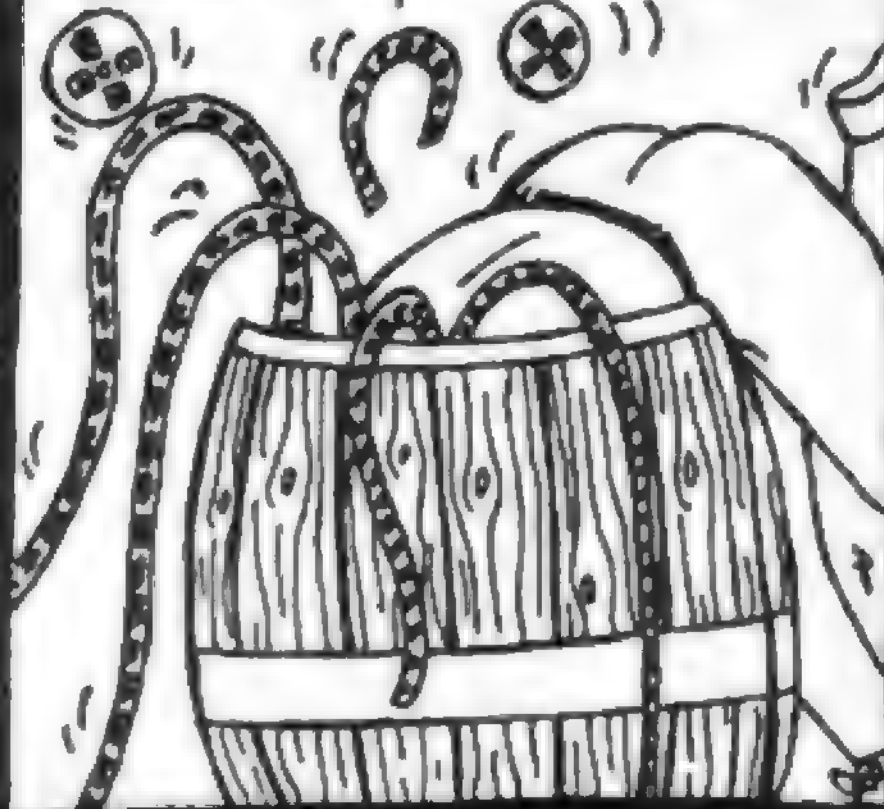
THE T.V. WAS MELTED.



I WAS EXHAUSTED.



I didn't HAVE time To  
do ALL the TAKES I'd  
WANTED, BUT I FIGURED  
SOMEHOW I COULD SCRAPE  
OUT A COMPLETED FILM.



IT WAS AMATEURISH AND WEIRD,  
BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS HYSTERICAL.



MAINLY I GUESS BECAUSE I'D  
BEEN THERE, AND I KNEW ALL  
THE FRENZIED ENERGY THAT WENT  
INTO IT.



MY NEXT FILM WAS A GROUP  
EFFORT.  
NOT NEARLY AS DISASTROUS...



BUT NOWHERE NEAR AS MUCH FUN.



**THIS VIDEO  
IS  
PAINLESS**

OUCH is a weird tale about a nerd whose fear of needles leads him to be a guinea pig in a medical experiment that promises to end pain.

**IT'S PURE HORROR WITH A  
DEMENTED SENSE OF HUMOR!**

CHRISTIAN GORE'S  
FIRST WATCHABLE FILM!

**FILM  
THREAT  
VIDEO**



A FILM BY  
CHRISTIAN GORE

20 MINUTES © 1993 GORE FILMS

**& IT'S  
CHEAP!  
ONLY  
\$9.95**

**FILM  
THREAT  
VIDEO**

**OUCH**

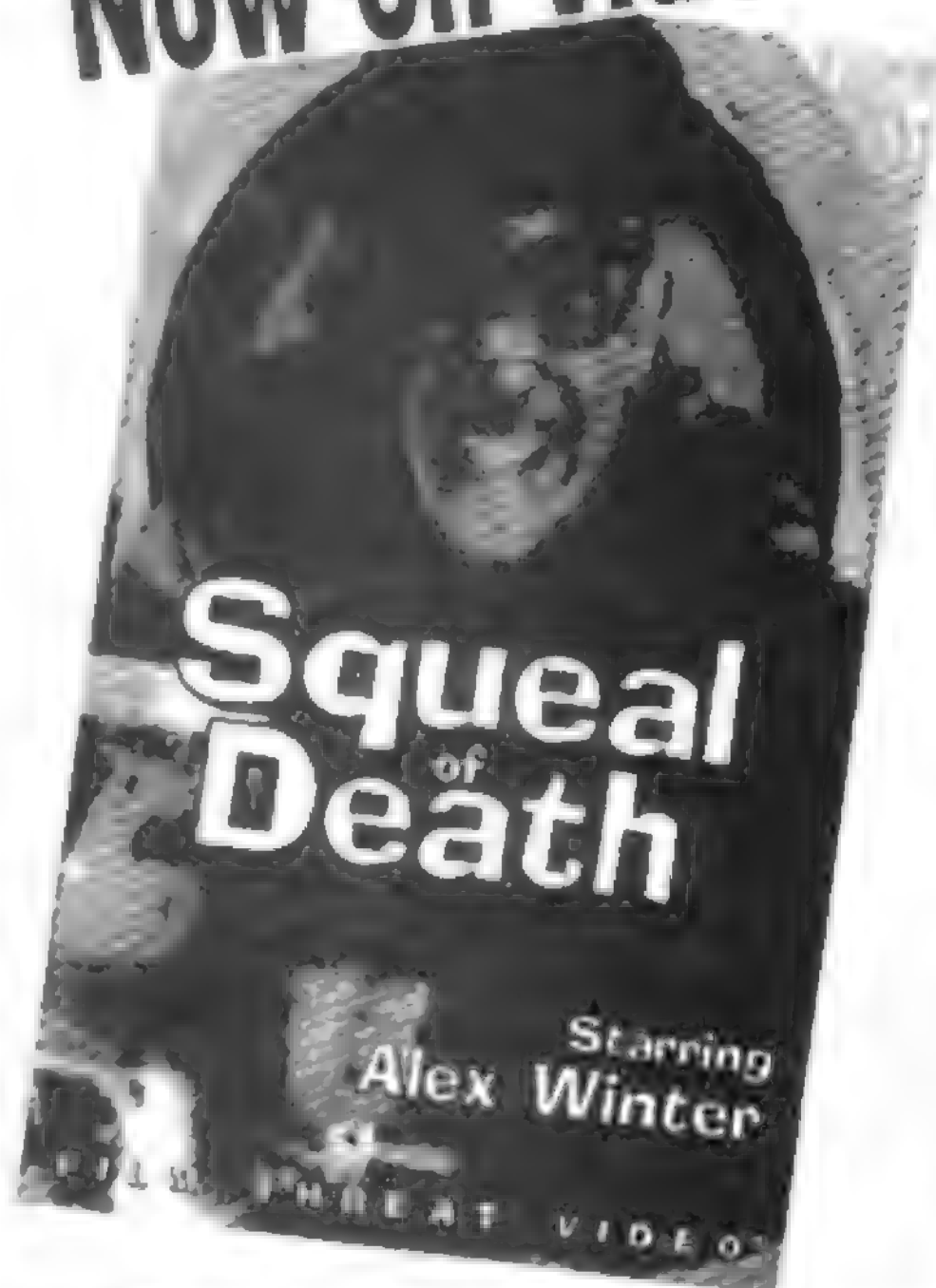
It's Painless.

Starring Glenn Barr as Scott  
with Arleen Imus, Bruce Rogge & Micki Weidner  
Special Effects Make-up by Roger White  
Music by Richard Feren  
Written & directed by Christian Gore

IT'S A CULT HIT!

# Squeal of Death

Now on Video!



CULT HIT usually means a low-budget, direct-to-video film, but not with SQUEAL OF DEATH!

This short by Tom Stern and Alex (BILL & TED'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE) Winter is sixteen relentless minutes of Tex Avery meets Monty Python guaranteed to cause high blood pressure and hideous birth defects!!!

**SEE:**

Hot nurses in white stockings fucking in sheets of sin!  
He-man gangsters reduced to bug-eyed lust mongers!  
Helpless children scalded with red-hot fire poker!

All this and more in an epic tale of one man's struggle for revenge against the "straight society" that beat him down and forced him to eat GREEN SLOP!

**WARNING**

Not for the faint of heart!

**PLUS: AISLES OF DOOM**  
another hilarious short!

**2 GREAT FILMS FOR  
THE PRICE OF ONE!**

**ONLY \$15**

**FILM  
THREAT  
VIDEO**

**A DANGEROUS MOVIE  
FROM THAT  
KING OF SPEED!**

FRANK GROW'S

**RED &  
ROSY**



- FAST DRAGSTER MACHINES
- SUDDEN MURDER
- MISCHIEVOUS WOMB ACTION
- MONSTERS ADDICTED TO SPEED
- VIOLENT TATTOO AMUSEMENT
- LOUD ROCK MUSIC
- FAST GOOD FUN

**\$15 IS CHEAP FOR ALL  
THIS ENTERTAINMENT!**

20 MINUTES

ONLY  
AVAILABLE  
FROM:

**FILM  
THREAT  
VIDEO**



# THE MPAA NEVER APPROVED THIS KIND OF HORROR!!!

Video is free from the restrictions placed on mainstream movies. That's why **DARK ROMANCES** won't be coming to your local theater and it will never be on tv! It can only be seen on tape!

**VARIETY®**

**T**his gargantuan horror project, shot on video in 1986, successfully breaches the taboo of combining sexual material (softcore) with extreme violence. It's a title of obvious interest to gore fans.

With a total running time approaching that of "Lawrence Of Arabia," "Dark Romances" is packaged in two volumes by counter-culture magazine Film Threat. Volume 2 is the more outrageous, containing grotesque, ultraviolent segments.

**TWO VOLUMES OF TERROR!**  
Either volume—\$24.95 or  
get both volumes for only  
\$39.95.

NIGHTFALL PRODUCTIONS, INC

Featuring Brinke Stevens

Produced by Mark Shepard & Patricia Miller



## VOLUME I (103 minutes)

**THE BLACK VEIL** - Grand Guignol in Paris turn of the century turns from the stage to the audience.

**LISTEN TO MIDNIGHT** - Teenage vampires on their first night out. Wild imagery with girls that get "real" friendly.

## VOLUME II (100 minutes)

**SHE'S BAD, SHE'S BLONDE, SHE'S LUNCH** - Late great Fox (Repo Man) Harris and his monster/girlfriend in a tale of a heist gone wrong at lover's lane.

**CARDINAL SIN** - When Marley gets caught reading "dirty" magazines he is driven to murder.

**PET SHOP OF DEATH** - Comic episode of a pet and its owner's bloody revenge on his dominatrix wife.

**LAST LOVE** - Directed by Tales From the Darkside's John Stryker, a psychiatrist longs to have sex with her dead boyfriend with terrifying results.

**WHAT GOES AROUND...** - A femme fatale seeks out artists to rid them of their talents in grisly ways.

AVAILABLE  
ONLY  
THROUGH

**FILM  
THREAT™  
VIDEO**



Boogers, fat chicks, and jovial gang-bangs.  
They're just trailer-park trash.

Jim Felter's

# STUFFED

\$15.00

Comedy Straight Up...With A Twist.



**FILM  
THREAT™  
VIDEO**

Zoo Productions Presents

Stuffed

Starring Blake Seidel

Camille Maltstrom Chip Salerno Peggy O'Neill Patty Spanedda Tim Antal Dave Surtasky

Written & Directed by Jim Felter Produced by Joan Zelenik



## What They've Been Saying about Norm Orschnorschki's



"FORCED ENTRY is a  
hood, drug-crazed  
degenerates kidnap a  
teenybopper from Choir  
Practice -- 9-1/2 breasts,  
2 giant tally-whackers,  
gratuitous VictiVision  
gang-bang. SHOCK-A-  
RAMA cattle prod fun-  
for Bob says check it  
out!"  
**J.B. BRIGGS**

...laughing hideously  
at the camera, this  
slavering group of  
idiots pour through this  
girl's purse to find two  
birth-control devices.  
Mr. Contraception gets  
stretched over Uncle  
Chuckles nose while the  
egg-removing tube gets  
thrust at the viewer!"  
**TEMPLE OF  
SCHLOCK**

shows what our  
youngsters are really up  
to... behind our backs,  
when they say they're  
going to the shopping  
mall!"

**TIPPER GORE  
PARENTING  
MAGAZINE**

There is some justice in  
the world... Thank God  
for the Neighborhood  
Vigilance Committee!"  
**MAXIMUM  
ROCK 'N ROLL**

disgusting,  
revolting  
**SINNY AND FAT BOY**

send Norm some  
cash now, so he can  
continue spewing out  
politically correct  
films!"

**SLIME TIME**

God bless you Norm  
Orschnorschki!"

**REX**

**JERRY FALWELL**

kinda makes me  
wonder why the NEA  
won't give a \$50,000  
grant to Mr.  
Orschnorschki, instead  
of all those limp-  
wristed, comic art  
faggots.

**CONGRESSMAN  
JESSE HELMS**

...truly effective  
filmmaking  
flawlessly done

**VIDIOT**

"SHOCK-A-RAMA  
will make the unaware  
possibly shit all over  
their collective  
selves."

**MURKIN MAN**

"The SHOCK-A-RAMA  
gimmick damn near  
blasted me out of my  
chair."

**HIGH-TECH TERROR**

"A wonderful film,  
easily one of the best  
video releases I've seen."

**FACTSHEET FIVE**

ARRGGHHH  
gag... choice

**LEONARD MARTIN**

Available From

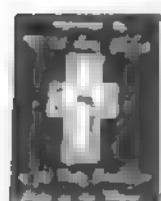
**FILM  
THREAT  
VIDEO**

*Yours for only*

COMPLETE WITH THE  
ELECTRIFYING EFFECTS OF  
**SHOCK-A-RAMA!!**



VHS Only  
\$5 m/a.



# FORCED ENTRY



**SHOCK-A-RAMA!!**

The Latest Sensation  
in Music-Group Entertainment!

**WARNING!**

**VIEWER DISCRETION ADVISED!**



# VIDEO CUT-UPS



## CATHODE FUCK

### CATHODE FUCK

Entertainment and politics through the cathode rays. Assorted video cuts such as Public Image Limited's only appearance on American Bandstand, the Hail Mary premiere in Detroit, a McDonald's corporation training film on courtesy, Neo-Nazis, The Clash, Phil Donahue with Parent's of Punkers, John Lydon interviewed on the Tomorrow Show and more funny news footage. appx 120 min.

**STOLEN, STRANGE &  
RARE FOOTAGE!**

**SHOCKING!  
SINISTER!  
SURREAL!**

**FILM  
THREAT  
VIDEO**



### TV SPHINCTER

Sexual harassment in the work place, a gooey gynecological exam, a medical training tape on catheter tube insertion, Pennsylvania State treasurer shoots himself in the head, a rattlesnake convention in Texas, and murder in Detroit. Recommended to those with a cast-iron stomach. appx 120 min.

**\$24.95 each or  
both tapes for  
\$39.95!**

**YOU WILL BE  
DISGUSTED &  
ENTERTAINED  
ALL AT ONCE!!!**



**NEW!!**

THE TALE OF TWO  
DIMWITTED  
BROTHERS  
RAISED BY  
AN  
UNSEEN  
GRANDMOTHER  
AND  
WHAT HAPPENS  
WHEN THEIR HERO  
...THE VIRGIN MARY  
ASKS THEM TO  
"KILL FOR JESUS"

...PUS & GUTS,  
FULL WOMEN  
IN TIGHT  
FITTING  
TOPS,  
UFO'S  
& TOURIST  
SEASON,  
WITH PLENTY  
OF  
SONG  
AND  
DANCE!

# Puss Bucket

**\$29.95**

**FROM THE BROADWAY MUSICAL!**

BLESSED ELYSIUM PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS A FILM BY LISA HOULE "PUSSBUCKET" STARRING TERRENCE FLEMING AND ERIC HAMMER  
FEATURING BRIAN SULLIVAN, GINA CAMMAROTTA, MADELINE VIRBASIOUS AND INTRODUCING ULTRA LAVISH, EVELYN ROSA, ONYX COALE AND  
A VERY INTERESTING CAST CHOREOGRAPHED BY T. FEATHERFOOT FLEMING SPECIAL EFFECTS BY BEN EDLUND AND E. HAMMER MUSIC BY LUST WALL,  
SISYPHUS AUTOPSY, BEASTOVITCH, BROWNIEHEAD, HEMROID HANK, RICKY HOLLYWOOD AND AGUIRRE CINEMATOGRAPHY BY LISA HOULE  
DIVINE ASSISTANCE FROM THE PENTECOSTAL UPLIFT STATION: REV. STEVE DIRECTED BY LISA HOULE

**N NOT YET RATED**

**MONOSOUND**

BOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE



BLESSED ELYSIUM PRODUCTIONS

**FILM  
THREAT  
VIDEO**



# The Death King



A mysterious  
chain letter  
leads to  
seven tales of  
grisly suicide  
in this post-  
modern horror  
classic from  
*Nekromantik*  
director Jorg  
Buttgereit!



**\$29.<sup>95</sup>**

A MANFRED O. JELINSKI PRESENTATION  
A JORG BUTTGEREIT FILM  
THE DEATH KING (DER TODESKING)



With: Herman KOOP, Heinrich EBBER, Michael KROUSE, Eva KURZ, Angelika HOCH, Nicholas PETCHE

DIRECTOR: Jorg BUTTGEREIT • STORY: Franz RODENKIRCHEN & J. BUTTGEREIT

ASST. DIRECTOR: F. RODENKIRCHEN • CAMERA: Manfred O. JELINSKI

MUSIC: Daklari LORENZ, John Boy WALTON, Herman KOOP

80 MIN. IN GERMAN WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES





# NEKROMANTIK



**\$29.95**

NOW FROM

**FILM  
THREAT™  
VIDEO**

Regie **JÖRG BUTTGEREIT**

- Now in Full-Color Collector's Box!
- Newly Remastered Improved Subtitles!

**MANFRED JELINSKI** präsentiert **»NEKROMANTIK«**

Ein Film von **JÖRG BUTTGEREIT**

Mit **DAKTARI LORENZ · BEATRICE M · HARALD LUNDT · SUSA KOHLSTEDT · HEIKE S.**

Kamera **UWE BOHRER** Musik **J. B. WALTON · H. KOPP · D. LORENZ**

Buch **JÖRG BUTTGEREIT · FRANZ RODENKIRCHEN**

Produktion **MANFRED O. JELINSKI**



# ROMANTIC



**The Return  
Of The  
Loving Dead!**

**The Most  
Anticipated &  
Shocking Sequel  
Ever Made!!!**

**IT'S THE REAL THING...  
NOT A CHEAP BOOTLEG!**

**FILM  
THREAT  
VIDEO**

**\$29.95**

English Subtitled in Full-Color Box

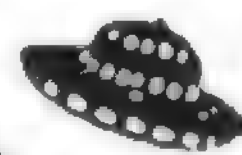


# THE TRUTH!!!

## NEW!

Every possible conspiracy theory imaginable is explained in this remarkable work of faction! (That's fact and fiction for people from Iowa.) You won't believe your eyes and ears as you view this film over and over to find it's strange and hidden meaning(s)!

## TRIBULATION 99: ALIEN ANOMALIES UNDER AMERICA



### UFO • JFK • CIA

"UNRELENTINGLY LURID AND HILARIOUS! TRIB 99 might be an X ray of a slacker's seething brain."  
—Premiere Magazine

"A MUST SEE! The whole point of purchasing a video should be that you will watch it over and over again and want to show your friends—TRIBULATION 99 is that kind of video!"  
—Christian Gore

## THIS VIDEO WILL SHOCK AND AMAZE YOU!

Yours for  
only  
**\$19.95!**

**FILM  
THREAT™  
VIDEO**

Written and directed by Craig Baldwin  
Running Time: 48 min.



# YOU DIRTY #@\*★!!!

## THE MOVIE

## IS

## FINALLY HERE!

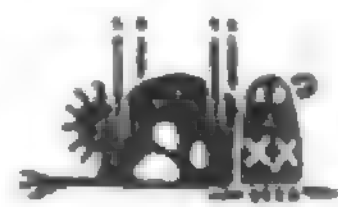
Making prank phone calls is an activity almost exclusive to 12-year old boys. *FILM THREAT* magazine editor Christian Gore tackles this inherently subversive subject in *RED*, his latest directing effort. Based on the infamous cult tape of actual prank phone calls made by an anonymous mischief-maker, this coarse, short comedy stars tough guy character-actor Lawrence Tierney (*Dillinger*, *Prizzi's Honor*, *City of Hope*) as Red, a beleaguered booze jockey at the Tube Bar. Tortured beyond human endurance by such telephonic classics as, "Can I speak to Mike Hunt?" and "Is Al there? Last name Koholic?" Red quickly falls prey to fantasies involving shotguns, baseball bats and severe bodily injury. Combined with the original, profanity-ridden "RED" tapes, *RED* the movie is sure to become a cult favorite. ☎



ONLY  
\$19.95

35 minutes / Black & White  
VHS only available from

**FILM  
THREAT  
VIDEO**



**MILK-IT-TO-DEATH  
PRODUCTIONS**

© 1991

Write to: The RED Fan Club c/o MILK-IT-TO-DEATH PRODUCTIONS 6520 Selma Ave. Suite 232, Hollywood, CA 90028



**CATHODE FUCK\*** (120 min.) Stolen, strange and sick footage. PIL, the Clash and a McDonald's training film all on one tape. \$24.95

**COOL TEENAGER FROM THE PLANET X\*** (60 min.) A docudrama that follows a skate-punk and his attempts at survival in the industrial wilderness of Detroit. \$19.95

**CURSE OF THE QUEERWOLF** (90 min.) Camp horror abounds when a man is bitten by a Queerwolf which turns him gay when the moon is full. \$29.95

**DARK ROMANCES VOL. I\*** (100 min.) Mega erotic-horror anthology with as many grotesque/ultra-violent action sequences as stylish, adult-oriented situations. \$24.95

**DARK ROMANCES VOL. II\*** (100 min.) The second volume continues... blood and gore never looked so damn sexy. \$24.95

**SPECIAL!**  
**DARK ROMANCES I & II\***  
BOTH ONLY \$39.95

**NEW!**  
**THE DEAD NEXT DOOR** (84 min.) This zombie epic features the gut-churning effects you've been dreaming of as the ghoul-killing Zombie Squad tracks an elusive cult leader and searches for a cure to the plague of the living dead. \$29.95

**DER TODESKING\*** (80 min./German with English subtitles) 7 suicides in 7 days make for a week of bizarre horror from director Jorg Buttgerit. Features a gruesome Nazi torture scene that's not for the squeamish or easily impressed! \$29.95

**SPECIAL!**  
**DER TODESKING\* & NEKROMANTIK\***  
BOTH ONLY \$49.95

**FORCED ENTRY** (45 min.) Humorous look at the paranoid fantasies of the extreme right wing as it protects the rich and powerful from the rest of us. SHOCK-O-RAMA effects guaranteed to thrill. \$24.95

**FEEDING FRENZY\*** (120 min.) Hyper-surrealistic vision of the all-too-realistic world that preys upon the individual and feeds the industrial machine. \$29.95

**GORGASM\*** (80 min.) A novice detective tracks a beautiful psycho with a penchant for killing in this gruesome tale of blood, lust and gravity defying hooters. \$24.95

**HUNGER ARTIST & THE MUSIC OF ERIC ZAHNN** (40 min.) Beautiful adaptations of Kafka and H.P. Lovecraft's short tales. Well-acted and thoughtful, these tales evoke the spirit of *The Twilight Zone*. \$24.95

**NEW!**  
**HARDCORE R. KERN VOL. 1\***

(90 min.) This compilation includes such evil NY-underground classics as *You Killed Me First*, *Submit To Me*, and *The Right Side of My Brain* specially edited by Kern exclusively for FTV. Features Lydia Lunch, Lung Leg, Henry Rollins and music by Sonic Youth. \$29.95

**JET BENNY** (80 min.) Probably the most technically accomplished Super 8 feature ever, this *Star Wars* spoof imaginatively replaces the familiar hero with... Jack Benny? \$29.95

**NEKROMANTIK\*** (75 min./English subtitles) This uncut, nekro-classic is an absolute 10 on the squirm-o-meter as the disenfranchised youth of Deutschland find inventive uses for the not-so-recently-deceased. Oddly, it's a love story too... \$29.95

**NEW!**  
**NEKROMANTIK 2\***

(100 min./English subtitles) Banned even in Germany, this is the most infamous horror sequel of all time! You'll gasp as a beautiful necrophile discovers true love, proving again that there is sex after death! \$29.95

**SPECIALS!**  
**NEKROMANTIK I\* & 2\***  
BOTH ONLY \$49.95  
OR  
**DER TODESKING\* & NEKRO I\* & 2\***  
ALL 3 ONLY \$79.95

**OUCH!** (30 min.) Campy and cartoon-like with bright colors and elastic (though somewhat blood-drenched) gags, this comic-nerd short is a hoot! \$9.95

**OZONE ATTACK OF THE REDNECK ZOMBIES** (90 min.) Rednecks turn into gruesome zombies after the ozone layer is destroyed. \$29.95

**NEW!**  
**PUSSBUCKET\***

(90 min.) An epic horror/comedy packed with cannibalism, conniving aliens, massive breasts and hilarious musical numbers from hell! \$29.95

**A POLISH VAMPIRE IN BURBANK** (80 min.) Super 8 movie-mogul

Mark Pirro's comedy classic. A vampire movie in a different vein. \$29.95

**NEW!**  
**RED\***

(30 min.) Phone pranks can kill a man! If you know about the Red tape, this visual depiction is a must! Lawrence Tierney makes screen history in this hilariously obscene film about the misuse of the telephone. \$19.95

**RED & ROSY\*** (20 min.) Brutally twisted tale of drag racing, drugs, rock music and the effects of too much NOISE! The side-splitting/horrific finale is not to be missed. \$14.95

**RUNMAN 69\*** (60 min.) Years of surfing fun is condensed into one hour of non-stop entertainment in this mondo beach movie! Includes beautiful babe action and awesome surf riding. \$29.95

**SQUEAL OF DEATH** (30 min.) 3 short comedies from the warped minds of Tom Stern and Alex Winter—made during their earlier, funnier, NYU film school days. Monty Python meets *Mad*! Includes *Aisles of Doom* and *Cberub*. \$14.95

**STUFFED** (30 min.) Follow the twisted members of the Puffin family as they indulge in the wondrous world of homophobia and nose picking. \$14.95

**NEW!**  
**TRIBULATION 99: ALIEN ANOMALIES UNDER AMERICA**

(48 min.) From UFOs to the Kennedys, this comedy contains and connects every conspiracy theory known to man! Even *Premiere* called this film "Unrelentingly lurid and hilarious!" \$19.95

**TWISTED ISSUES\*** (80 min.) The one and only splatter-punk tape. Nailing your feet to a skateboard may be advantageous, but hurts like hell! \$14.95

**TV SPHINCTER\*** (120 min.) A collection of television from hell! Bud Dwyer kills himself, and other sick rarities. \$24.95

**FINAL CHANCE!**  
**CATHODE FUCK & TV SPHINCTER**  
BOTH FOR ONLY \$39.95

**THE WRONG DOOR** (80 min.) A young man in the wrong place at the wrong time becomes a target for murder! \$29.95

**WEIRD VIDEOS\***

**EROTIC TATTOOING & BODY PIERCING\*** (60 min.) Have you ever thought about getting a bone through your nose? A loop through your...?!!! You'd better watch this first—you might see something you like. \$59.95

**EROTIC TATTOOING & BODY PIERCING II\*** (60 min.) The second in the saga. Weird piercing parties and full body tattoos. \$59.95

**EROTIC TATTOOING & BODY PIERCING III\*** (60 min.) The third in the trilogy. Yikes! \$59.95

**FORBIDDEN PHOTOGRAPHS\*** (100 min.) Annie Spunkle & Manhattan's Sex Underground. Hellfire Club! Mind-boggling photographs. \$59.95

**BODY SHOCK\*** (90 min.) A must for all body art enthusiasts. Exotic! Sexy! \$39.95

**WEIRD AMSTERDAM\*** (60 min.) How weird is weird? Underground clubs & topless blondes! Yow! \$49.95

**WEIRD MARDI GRAS\*** (60 min.) Get down on Bourbon Street! Show your tits! Sizzling! \$49.95

**TATTOO SAN FRANCISCO\*** (60 min.) Punks and Modern Primitives. Uncensored. \$39.95

**PAINLESS STEEL\*** (65 min.) Party with pins and needles! Not for the squeamish. \$59.95

**WEIRD BIKE WEEK\*** (60 min.) Were you born to be wild? Go on the road with this gang of outlaws and ride easy. \$39.95

**WEIRD SAN FRANCISCO\*** (60 min.) Strange Bohemians and Punks as Baghdad by the Bay swings every way imaginable! \$49.95

**WEIRD SPRING BREAK\*** (60 min.) Teeny bikinis and hot weenies, bounce, bulge, and pose through beer-induced stupors in this entertaining youth-fest. \$39.95

\* These titles are **ADULTS ONLY** and require a signature.



# ORDER FORM



## ATTENTION VIDEO STORES:

Don't catch your customers saying, "THIS VIDEO STORE NEVER CARRIES ANYTHING COOL!" Order 10 titles or more and we will list your store in FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE. People will come from all over to rent our titles from you!

## ATTENTION VIDEO RENT-AHOLICS:

If you don't have the cash to actually purchase the videos you see advertised in FTVG, bug your local video store to get some FILM THREAT titles pronto!

**RUSH MY  
TAPES TO:**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY, STATE, ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

**FILM  
THREAT  
VIDEO**

**PO BOX 3170  
Los Angeles, CA  
90078-3170 USA**

Send check or money order made out to FILM THREAT VIDEO. Please allow up to 6-8 weeks for delivery. Xerox this form if you do not want to destroy your magazine.

DISCOUNTS AVAILABLE IN QUANTITY. DISTRIBUTORS—CALL US! (818) 848-8971

VIDEO	PRICE	QTY	TOTAL

CREDIT CARD # \_\_\_\_\_

EXP. / /

☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ AMEX

X \_\_\_\_\_  
signature

### SHIPPING

1 tape \$2.40  
2-3 tapes \$3.60  
4-6 tapes \$4.80  
Over 6 tapes \$6.00

California orders add 8.25% sales tax

Foreign orders add \$5.00

SHIPPING

**TOTAL**

X \_\_\_\_\_  
signature \* I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE.

**ALL TAPES VHS/NTSC  
PLEASE PAY IN U.S. FUNDS ONLY!**



# CLASSIFIEDS

These classified ad rates are for FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE only and do not apply to FILM THREAT MAGAZINE. RATES: First 20 words-\$20.00, each additional 10 words-\$5.00. 1 column inch for display ads-\$35.00. 1 column inch for independent filmmakers for display ads-\$20.00. Check or M.O. to FILM THREAT VIDEO. Mail to: FTVG CLASSIFIEDS, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170, USA. Indicate section: VIDEO, MAGAZINES, SERVICES, EVENTS, MISCELLANEOUS.

## VIDEO

**NECROMANIA (+ DUNGEON) VHS-only \$20.00.** A dark tale of occult terror from beyond the grave. Not for the squeamish! Catalog of bizarre props—fetal skulls, She Corpse, candle holders, masks, etc. only \$1. Higham's House of Horrors, P.O. Box 180-204, Brooklyn, NY 11218

**COOLEST CULT, POLITICAL, AND CULTURAL VIDEOS:** Collected films of Kenneth Anger, Maya Deren, and animation wizard Harry Smith. Also the works of Lydia Lunch, William S. Burroughs, Derek Jarman, James Joyce, Warhol, and Genet. Most only \$29.95. For FREE catalog, (800) 727-8433, or write: MYSTIC FIRE VIDEO, P.O. Box 9323, Dept FTH, S. Burlington, VT 05407

**LOBOTOMY CLUB?** You already belong! Lies and propaganda turn your brain to pudding! The Ranter says "Ride the Wild Sphincter!" \$16 VHS. Rantrave Prods. PO Box 1224, Covina, CA 91722

**NEW! VIDEO CATALOG!**—\$9.95. Over 12,000 titles listed. Paul's Hobby Zone, Dept. FTVG, PO Box 113, West Newton, MA 02165

**DOCTOR DEATH** An 18 minute post-Apocalyptic adventure that I shot on Super 8 in 1987-89. Lots of SPFX. Joe Bob Briggs says, "Really enjoyed all the stuff you blew up!" Free set of DD Slickers with every order. Also catch my 2 minute film "BLADDER TROUBLE" with the Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation, making its way to a theater near you. Send \$12.00 to: Webster Colcord, PO Box 40347, Portland, OR 97240-0347

**WE PAY UP TO \$1,000** for your erotic amateur videos - We have the best reputation in the business - Send sample or \$3.00 for catalog and details. For a preview of over 50 amateurs in action: \$36.00 with statement of age. V/MC welcome. Also hundreds of Bizarre imported Sex Vids from Asia and the world!-64 pages. Astral Ocean Cinema, PO Box 931753, Dept FT, Hollywood, CA 90093

**BETTY PAGE: SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT.** See review on page 18. \$12 ppd. to No Budget Masterpiece Prod., 189 East 3rd Street #9, New York, NY 10009

**AVANT-GARDE FILMS ON VIDEO.** Send \$5 for illustrated 150-page catalog listing hundreds of unique tapes for sale. Canyon Cinema, 2325 3rd Street, #338, San Francisco, CA 94107

**NEW "B" VIDEOS \$19.95** No Dupes! Factory Fresh! Great Selection! Fast Service! Send SASE for list: Cinema Home Video, 6223 Selma Ave. Suite 123, Hollywood, CA 90028

**BRAHMAN NIGUNA**—Cult anthology series from Cleveland, OH. All episodes for sale. \$20. Plus other films. Anubis Entertainment, 10915 Morrison St. #6, North Hollywood, CA 91601

**RETURN OF THE KING** - TRUE story of "His Highness" and the evil plot THEY don't want you to know. A rock-n-roll, sci-fi comedy for the 90s. \$13.00 plus \$2 S&H to: ROK. Lizardflicks Productions, 5552 Coldwater Canyon Apt. 209, Van Nuys, CA 91401

**CHERRY GROVE:** Tony went sane for awhile, but he's feeling like his old self this morning! Find out why our mothers won't return our calls, VHS \$10.00 payable to: Jailhouse Tattoo, PO Box 1258, Wilmington, NC 28402

## MAGAZINES

**A STREAM OF SEMI-CONSCIOUSNESS** - Independent fanzine featuring mass media related essays, reviews, satire and short stories ranging from the inspired to the insipid. It's nothing fancy! 29 pages for \$3. CASH ONLY to: V. Stanley, PO Box 176, Lafayette, IN 47902-0176

**BANG!** #22 is available with: Sam Rami, Roger Corman, Angelyne, Dana Gillespie, 360's, Manitoba's Wild Kingdom, Mojo Nixon and SEX. This issue is dedicated to Winona Ryder. Send \$1 & two 29¢ stamps per copy to: BANG! 77 Newbern Ave., Medford, MA 02155-6430

## SERVICES

**SOUNDTRACK MUSIC FOR YOUR FILM!** Sample cassette now available! Send \$5.00 U.S. to: Richard Feren c/o Haemorrhage Cassettes, 41 Toronto Street, Guelph, Ontario, CANADA N1E 3E3



### DIGITAL VIDEO TRANSFERS

**PAL/SECAM/NTSC \$20 per hour.** Overnight Service (tape & postage extra). **PLUS—ALTERNATIVE MUSIC/ PERFORMANCE ART/UNUSUAL STUFF.** Over 1000 shows available in PAL or NTSC systems. \$1 for list: P. DeMattia, 8 Haddon Rd., Hewitt, NJ 07421 (201) 853-4420

## CONFESSIONS OF A SOUTHERN PUNK!

The one and only narrative short that opens a huge, major can 'o whup ass and exposes the Bible belt for the fascist conspiracy it truly is! This fire-breathin' flick has already enraged the religious right and would probably give your local anti-choice minister severe nightmares! Featurin' music from Southern Culture on the Skids, Caterwaul and Fetchin' Bones.

16mm/20min-available on VHS. Send \$15.00 to:

**CRESCENT PICTURES**  
1800 Lombardy Circle  
Charlotte, NC 28203

Hard Disk

15 items 71.472K in disk 5.430K available

## ANIMATIONS FOR THE MACINTOSH

\$5

(including disk, postage, and packaging)

Electronic magazines, multimedia presentations, cyberart, interactive films. Independent computer art digitally representing a 90's perception of hypermedia. Presentations made in HyperCard and Macromind Director by a real, cool, hip, underground computer artist

I would like to order \_\_\_ disks for my Macintosh \_\_\_\_\_. I do/do not (circle one) have HyperCard. My check includes \$5 for each disk and is made out to: Jaime Levy c/o ELECTRONIC HOLLYWOOD, PO Box 2966 Hollywood, CA 90078. Please send them along with more info to: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



## MISCELLANEOUS

**THE EYE BANK--SUPER 8 SPECIALISTS.** 24 FPS transfer to 1/2" or 3/4". Two-track sound. Scene-to-scene color correction via CCD telecine. Hue, phase, gamma compensation: neg/pos. Reversing & B/W tinting. "Promoting Super 8 in a world dominated by 16 & 35" \$.12 per ft. (1/2"); \$.17 per ft. (3/4") Call John Perez @ (407) 299-9013 or write: 6413 Ramir Rd., Orlando, FL 32810-4258

**ACTORS/ACTRESSES** needed for weird, no-budget horror film shot in San Francisco bay area. If you're an exotic, exhibitionist type willing to go the distance, please send resume, photo or reel to: **BIG BANG PRODUCTIONS**, 110 Pacific Ave. Suite 306, San Francisco, CA 94111

**EDITORIAL ASSISTANT FOR FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE**, must not mind doing menial tasks, errands, going to movies for FREE, or big Hollywood parties. Must live in Los Angeles area. Send writing samples, short films, and the typically heavily-embellished resume. Contact: Dave Williams c/o FTVG

## EVENTS

**FREE listings for FESTIVALS and EVENTS.** Send a release exactly as you want it printed--50 words max. Send to: **FTVG EVENTS LISTINGS**, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170 USA

**FAIR VISION RATIO** is seeking submissions. Send tapes in 3/4", VHS, or Super 8, 16mm film with SASE to: Fair Vision Ratio, 911, 117 Yale Avenue North, Seattle, WA 98109 Contact Alan Pruzan at (206) 682-6552

**WE WANT YOUR SUICIDE ON VIDEO TAPE** Submit a video tape (3/4", 1/2" or 8mm) depicting how you would commit suicide not exceeding 10 minutes. All entries become the property of ATV and will be judged for inclusion in a nationally distributed compilation with credit given to you. Send entries to: **ATV**, PO Box 11574, Milwaukee, WI 53211

**TRAUMA TV**, is on it's 4th year broadcasting Alternative, Experimental and Avant-Garde work by Independent Film/Video makers. **TRAUMA** airs Thurs. nights from 5-6 PM on CH. 25 to SF audience of over 300,000. Submissions for **TRAUMA TV** must be no longer than 50 min. or be subject to edit. Send 1/2" or 3/4" video to: **TRAUMA TV**, PO Box 42405, SF, CA 94142

**WORLDWIDE MAGAZINE** St. Louis' most loved and hated public access cable TV show for tape trade or purchase info, write to: Peter Parisi, PO Box 39333, St. Louis, MO 63139 or call (314) 879-3002

**50,000 readers will  
see your ad in**

**FILM  
THREAT  
VIDEO GUIDE**

**Call or write for our rate card.**

**(818) 848-8971 or (818) 848-5956-FAX**

**FTVG Ad Rates, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170**

# ★ America's Sickest ★ Home Videos

## \$1,000 To Best Video!

**Did America's Funniest Home Videos  
turn your tape down? We'll take it!**

- ★ *Grandma falls and breaks her hip!*
- ★ *Big brother loses finger fixing lawn mower!*
- ★ *Sister touches herself in shower!*
- ★ *Junior hits dad in the nuts and dad pukes!*

Evil pranks, funny accidents, cop beatings and more! No cute babies lip-synching to stupid songs, just send the sick shit!

**\$1,000 TO BEST VIDEO!  
PLUS OTHER GREAT PRIZES!**

**SEND YOUR TAPE NOW TO:**

America's Sickest Home Videos  
c/o MILK-IT-TO-DEATH Productions  
6520 Selma Suite 232, Hollywood, CA 90028 USA

Include return address and daytime phone number. **DEADLINE:** February 29, 1992. Unlike that other show, we'll send your tape back when we are done reviewing it. (Not affiliated with America's Funniest Home Videos.)



# NOT JUST A ★\*@#!! TAPE— “RED” IS A WAY OF LIFE

**BUY A “RED” T-SHIRT &  
JOIN THE RED FAN CLUB!**

## A CLUB MEMBERSHIP GETS YOU:

- ★ A subscription to our newsletter with detailed information about RED and the Tube Bar. Plus letters from fans all over the world.
- ★ An official club membership card.
- ★ A cassette of the complete and unedited RED tape plus other famous prank phone calls.
- ★ A written transcript of the RED tape.
- ★ **PLUS!** Contests, drawings, and special offers only available to club members! Join in our search for the real RED!!!



**RED T-SHIRTS ARE CHEAP! ONLY \$16.95!!! PLUS YOUR CHOICE OF “RED” SAYINGS!**

Each 100% Cotton T-shirt is White with a Black Design.  
Choose one of 3 popular “RED” quotes or create your own!

### I want my RED Shirt to say—

- ☐ “Why ya yellow rat bastard, ya motherfucker—cocksucker!”
- ☐ “Al Koholic! Is there an Al Koholic here?!!!”
- ☐ “I’ll put the ‘Z-Z’ on both your cheeks!”
- ☐ Customized “RED” shirt—write your own phrase

(under 10 words)

(Prices include postage. California residents add 8.25% sales tax.  
US funds only. Foreign orders add \$5.00.)

**Send check or M.O. made out to MILK-IT-TO-DEATH:**

- ☐ “RED” Fan Club Membership - \$9.95
- ☐ “RED” T-Shirt - \$16.95    ☐ LARGE    ☐ X-LARGE    QTY \_\_\_\_\_
- ☐ “RED” Fan Club Membership & T-shirt - \$24.95

Total Enclosed \_\_\_\_\_  
(Postage & Handling is FREE!)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY, STATE, ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

**THE RED FAN CLUB**

C/O MILK-IT-TO-DEATH PRODUCTIONS  
6520 Selma Ave. Suite 232, Hollywood, CA 90028

**MILK-IT-TO-DEATH  
PRODUCTIONS**  
© 1991





The Most Professional Super 8 Camera in the World

# BEAULIEU 7008



Comparable to 16 & 35mm with Video Transfer  
Interchangeable Lenses • 24, 25, and 30fps Crystal Option  
Steadicam • Video Assist • 22db Blimp • Wireless Transmission • Complete Lens Array

We Process w

**Super 8**  
SYNCSOUND  
SYSTEM

East Coast - 95 Harvey St., MA 02140 (617) 876-5876 FAX (617) 497-0151  
West Coast - 2805 W. Magnolia Blvd., Burbank, CA 91505 (818) 848-5522 FAX (818) 848-5956

**Kodalux**  
Processing Services





## NEW EROTIC HORROR

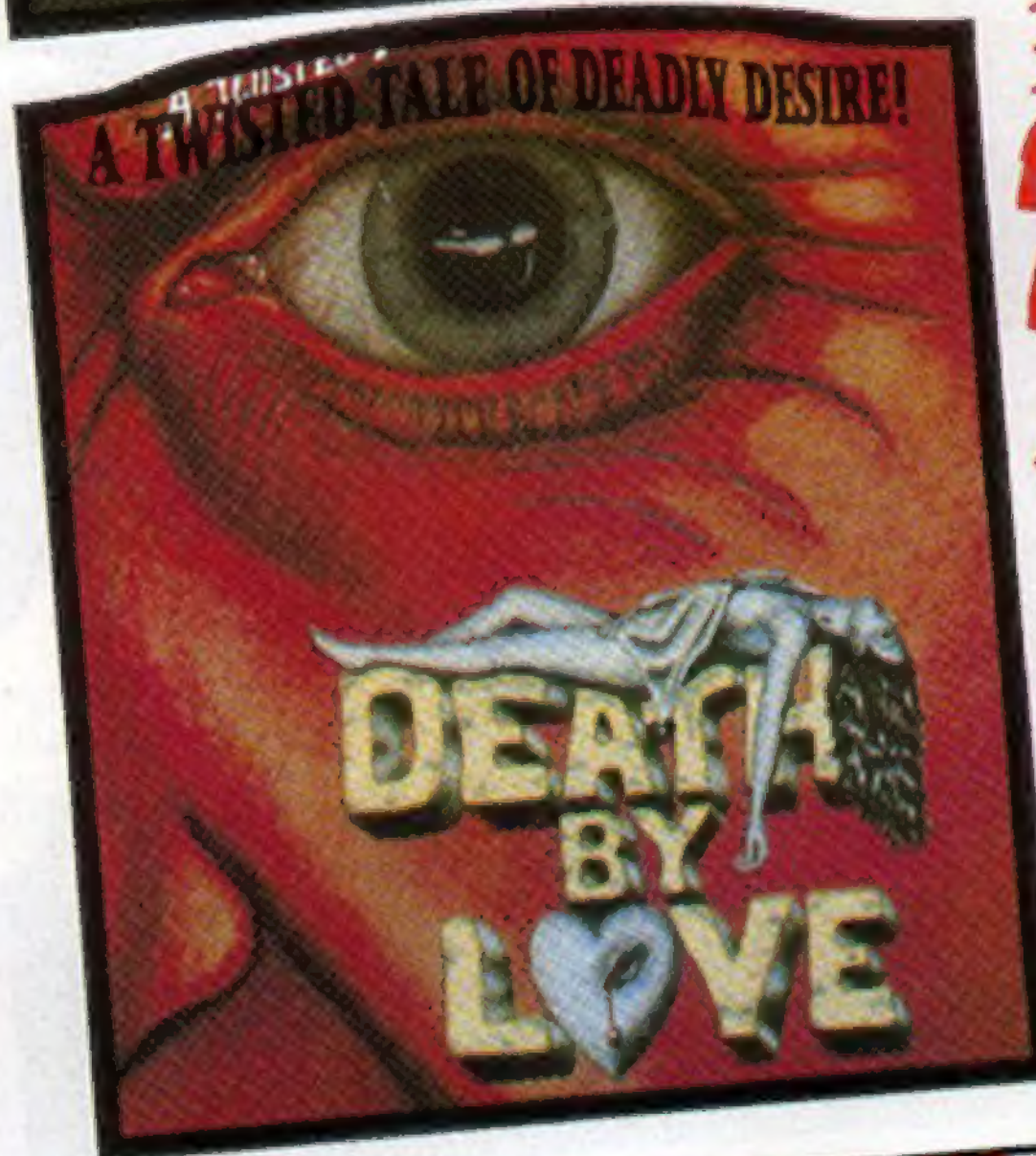
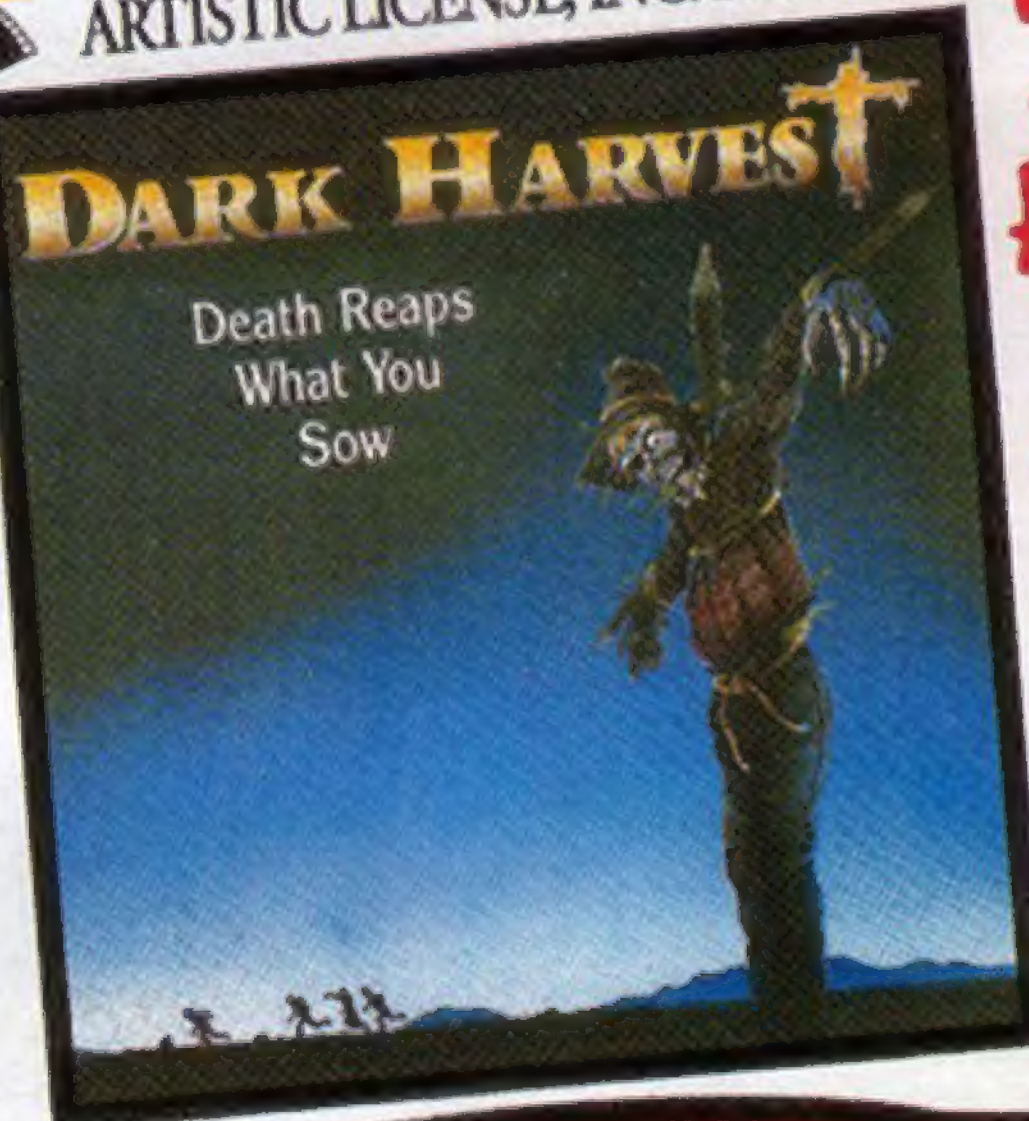
AVAILABLE FOR THE  
FIRST TIME

**SPECIAL  
VIDEO  
OFFER!**

- 1991 PRODUCTIONS
- NEVER BEFORE SEEN
- NOT REPACKS
- DARK HARVEST/DEATH BY LOVE  
HORROR DOUBLE HEADER  
2 FOR THE PRICE OF 1!

**FREE**  
MINI-POSTER  
WITH EACH ORDER

ARTISTIC LICENSE, INC. PRESENTS



**HORROR DOUBLE  
HEADER**

**ALL  
NEW!**

**HORROR**  
*tales*

SPECIAL  
INTRODUCTORY  
OFFER

*terror-ific*

**\$29.95**

OFFER EXPIRES 3/92

**Coming Soon**

**DREAM  
STALKER**

**&**

**NUDIST  
COLONY  
OF THE  
DEAD**

**WARNING: CONTAINS SEXUALLY EXPLICIT SCENES  
YOU MUST BE AT LEAST 18 YEARS OLD TO PURCHASE THIS TAPE.**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

\*ADD \$2.50 FOR SHIPPING & HANDLING \*CA ORDERS ADD \$2.47 (PER ORDER) SALES TAX

MAIL TO: ARTISTIC LICENSE, INC.  
PO BOX 19407, SACRAMENTO, CA 95819-0407  
or call (916) 446-8044 during business hours

ENCLOSED IS: \_\_\_\_\_ CARD # \_\_\_\_\_ EXP. DATE \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNATURE (YES, I AM OVER 18 YEARS OLD) \_\_\_\_\_